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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

NEWS of the King continues to be satisfactory. The photographs of him published in the Press this week have done much to allay anxiety: in them he looks unexpectedly recovered, and by no means so drawn and aged as might have been presumed after such a prolonged and desperate illness. Rumours last week-end of a proposed Regency Bill to be passed by the Government led to renewed anxiety among some sections of the public, and it is therefore as well that the precise reasons for such a Bill—if it were decided to introduce it—should be understood. The King's doctors have constantly laid stress on the need of absolute rest for some months to come. It is possible that the next few months, containing as they will a General Election and its consequences, might produce a situation calling for the delicate exercise of constitutional powers on the part of the Monarch, and this is exactly the kind of worry the doctors are anxious His Majesty should be spared. Clearly, the Council of State which has been acting for him during his illness could not undertake these duties, if only for the reason that it contains two members (the Prime

Minister and the Lord Chancellor) of the present Government, whose position following the Election might be in question. It is simply to meet a political situation such as this that a Regency Bill may conceivably be passed. No decision has yet been reached, and in making up their minds the Cabinet will be guided by the opinion of the doctors as to whether or not the King will by that time be sufficiently strong to undertake without risk of set-back the duties he may be called on to perform.

The Lords have done better than the Commons in the matter of resisting bureaucratic invasion. The Lower House revolt against the notorious Clause one hundred and eleven of the Local Government Bill collapsed before the offer of a far from satisfactory concession by the Government and some rather vague explanations and reassurances by the Prime Minister. The Upper House was not so easily satisfied. The trouble arose, it will be remembered, out of the proposal that the Health Minister should be empowered by the Bill to make orders as he saw fit for its proper enforcement, outside the control of Parliament. Lord Askwith tabled an amendment that such orders should receive the assent of both Houses before coming into force, and this was

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effective in bringing a concession from the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the Government which does provide a real barrier against arbitrary bureaucratic invasion. The Lord Chancellor promised to introduce on the report stage an amendment stipulating that orders are to be brought before Parliament as soon as possible after they have been made and that unless both Houses approve them within a period of three months they will cease to have effect. That is a real safeguard and in the face of it Lord Askwith properly withdrew his motion. Thus the House of Lords has saved one Bill at least from the possibility of being treated by the bureaucrats as a scrap of paper.

The reparations experts are apparently still far from an agreement as to the amount and duration of Germany's payments, for Dr. Schacht is very reluctant to promise annuities lasting for more than the thirty-seven years envisaged by the Dawes scheme. But in the course of their discussions they have been so impressed by the interdependence of nations that they have put forward a tentative scheme for an International Payments Bank, the importance of which might ultimately dwarf the reparations settlement itself. Primarily this bank would replace the provisional semi-political organizations which deal with financial relations between the victors and the vanquished of the war. But, as the changes in the bank rate taught us to our cost, financial repercussions are world-wide and consultation between the governors of the principal central banks has been found to be essential. An International Bank standing in the same relation to banks of issue as the League of Nations does to the Governments, or as the Bank of England does to the "Big Five," might be a very powerful factor for peace.

In another respect international finance belies the Socialist picture of it as a monster which organizes, and profits from, war. The Financial Committee of the League of Nations has drafted a convention, which is to be submitted to all governments, for giving financial assistance to a nation that is threatened with aggression. If we are to abolish war, we have to make it economically and financially disastrous to the aggressor, and in order to save countries from spending immense sums on the maintenance of armaments because they fear they might not be able to raise the money for their purchase in a moment of crisis, the League has drafted an ingenious scheme. Under it a country threatened with attack would stand a reasonable chance of floating a loan, although its own credit in foreign markets might be low, since the service of this loan would be guaranteed by the other governments in the League. Naturally, a modest limit is placed on the maximum annual liability of any government, but it is possible that this new form of insurance against war will prove more effective than all the provisions for military assistance under Article 16 of the League Covenant.

Three official documents dealing with the prospects of industry and the problem of unemployment have been published during the week—

the Report of the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade, the Interim Report of the Melchett-Turner conference, and the Liberal pamphlet outlining the proposals for dealing with unemployment covered by Mr. Lloyd George's recent "pledge." With certain aspects of the first two of these we deal elsewhere. Of the problem of unemployment the Balfour Report does not offer—it was not its business to offer—any direct solution. The Melchett-Turner Report, however, makes certain specific proposals. Besides constructional works (roads, bridges, harbours, etc.), and emigration (it is good to see the T.U.C. encouraging Imperial development) it outlines an ambitious scheme for limiting both ends of the labour market, by raising the school age to fifteen and by granting pensions to workers of sixty-five and over. By this means those signing the Report calculate to make room at a stroke for at least 400,000 adult workers in industry. It would be economically more sound, they argue, to spend money on pensions and longer education than on unemployment insurance. These are suggestive proposals deserving of careful consideration.

We would draw attention to another aspect of the Balfour Report—the remarks made on defective British salesmanship. Great attention to this weakness has been excited by a recent and most useful speech by the Prince of Wales, but it is, though not ineradicable, deep-seated in our national character. A disinclination to boast or "boost" together with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude towards foreigners mark our business bearing as well our social conduct. But the days are long past when British goods made their way abroad without serious effort. Only by grasping the foreign customer's requirements, preferences and prejudices, by meeting them, and by keeping him informed that they are met, can the foreign markets be held against European and American competition.

The Washington Hours Convention is so complicated a document that hesitancy to ratify it need cause no shame. There are still many points upon which the principal industrial States have conflicting interpretations. At the same time, it is a great pity that the reasons which impelled the British Government to demand a revision of the Convention should have been given only after so much delay. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland presented his case ably before the Governing Body of the International Labour Organization last Monday, but it is not surprising that the other Governments which have already ratified the Convention should be opposed to its revision, and the workers' delegates fear that, once revision were attempted, the advantages that were promised them at Washington would dwindle to nothing. The Balfour Report is opposed to unconditional ratification, but it might be wiser to obtain French, German and Italian participation in an imperfect convention than to leave industries in those countries free to profit by the shorter hours worked in Great Britain.

During the general debate on the treatment of minorities, and even when the particular case of the arrest by the Poles of Dr. Ulitz, the leader

of the *Deutscher Volksbund*, was under discussion, Herr Stresemann maintained a calm which quite definitely marks him out as one of the few real statesmen in Europe. He might easily have won temporary popularity among the German Nationalists by succumbing to the temptation to adopt bullying methods towards the Polish Foreign Minister. Instead, he contented himself with obtaining the promise that full publicity should be given to the trial of Dr. Ullitz and, in consequence, his return to Berlin after a short holiday in the Riviera will have nothing triumphal about it. Clearly Germany needs a strong man who is at the same time a believer in democracy, and Herr Stresemann's recent attack on party intrigues, which are so definitely a menace to the future of the Republic, seemed to indicate an intention to leave his own party and to test his strength. Unfortunately, there is reason to fear that there is no real improvement in his health and that Europe may soon lose the active co-operation of the one man who stands out in contemporary German politics.

To postpone a question is not, of course, to solve it, but the decision of the League Council to postpone detailed study of suggestions for improving the methods of dealing with complaints from minorities was inevitable. Although Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand laid too much emphasis on the duties of a minority towards its government, and Herr Stresemann was perhaps unnecessarily emphatic in pointing out the duties of a government towards its minorities, there was about last week's debate in Geneva an atmosphere of reality which gives rise to the hope that one of the thorniest of European problems is well on the way towards solution. The protection of the racial and cultural liberties of minorities should become a technical rather than a political question, and if the other members of the Council will bear this in mind when studying the proposals put forward by Senator Dandurand of Canada, it should be possible at the June session to adopt measures which will very greatly lessen the sense of grievance of the twenty million people whom the Peace Treaties have detached from their native lands.

Mr. Hoover's first action in foreign affairs has been to save a regime in Mexico which it was looked upon as almost criminal for any American to support a year or so ago. A revolt starting in Vera Cruz rapidly spread to eight of the twenty-eight states of the Federal Republic, and it might easily have led to the overthrow of the Government had President Hoover not immediately made it clear that the embargo on the export of arms to Mexico save under licence will continue. Señor Portes Gil, the President, thus has behind him the support of Washington and Wall Street, and it will probably be only a matter of days before the revolt, fostered principally by opponents of Señor Calles, who still remains "the power behind the throne," is crushed. The Government's success will be a tribute less to its own strength than to the determination of the United States to maintain order in one of the richest countries in the world.

Pundit Motilal Nehru's motion condemning the Government of India's irresponsiveness to the demand for full self-government has been carried on the Legislative Assembly, but his triumph has been dearly bought. For the debate has revealed that the split between the majority of the Moslems and the supporters of the Nehru Report is even wider than was supposed. In the course of the debate Pundit Motilal Nehru was obliged to define his position more clearly than he wished to do, and altogether the impression made is not that of a powerful and united party moving steadily towards its objective but rather that of agreement on none but the vaguest generalizations and of advance over ground which is admitted to be shaky. The anxiety of some speakers to avoid all reference to the Nehru Report was at once pathetic and ludicrous; and the idea that the Government of India could be condemned for irresponsiveness, without explaining precisely what they were irresponsible to, was the kind of absurdity that flourishes in the Legislative Assembly.

Half the land required for the preservation of Stonehenge has already been acquired; on the other half there is an option expiring at the end of this month. What this means is that unless £9,000 can be found within the next fortnight, there will be the gravest risk, amounting almost to certainty, of the area north of the monument being so developed as to render futile what has already been done to preserve the country south-west and south-east of it. We publish elsewhere an appeal for funds, and most earnestly commend it to the attention of our readers. Stonehenge is of its sort the greatest monument in this country, and it would be a reproach to us as a nation if, for lack of so small a sum as £9,000, if were allowed to be marred by surroundings both incongruous and unsightly.

Salacity in literature is deplorable indeed, but sorrow over it may be slightly mitigated by reflecting that it is bound to be diluted by the literary element, even though it may not always, in Gautier's words about Baudelaire, be so learned and veiled as to be relatively harmless. Salacity in the Press is not so diluted or hidden, and newspapers circulate far more widely and fall much more easily into the hands of the young than any salacious book. What, then, are we to make of the spectacle of a much-trumpeted crusader against salacious literature becoming a trafficker in such stuff as the revelations of the woman Barker's "wife"? We attribute no intentions. But we say that the appeal of such matter is entirely to a prurient curiosity about the physical relations of the couple; and the loftiest motives in the world cannot justify arousing such curiosity in the minds of thousands of young persons. Here is no question of recording unpleasantness that comes before a Court of Law, which may be a duty. Here is wholly unnecessary and very highly objectionable titillation of curiosity. And the paper that used its vast circulation to spread this stuff was the same paper that a few weeks earlier was engaged in protecting the youth of England from such novels as, in the opinion of Mr. James Douglas, constituted a menace to the nation, but which, had it not been for the publicity thus given them, might have lived—and died—almost unnoticed.



## STATE-HELP OR SELF-HELP?

IF painstaking inquiry could bring about the long-awaited industrial revival, British trade would by this time be flourishing. This week there have been published both the interim report of the Melchett-Turner conference and the seventh and final report of the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade. The two reports to some extent cover the same ground, but the second is naturally a far more detailed and comprehensive survey, while the first is more definitely constructive. In their six previous reports the Balfour Committee examined various aspects of their subject without making any recommendations. In this final volume they draw their conclusions and state what recommendations should be founded on them.

The Report bears the unmistakable stamp of patience and thoroughness in investigation. For nearly five years the Committee were busy and the industrial situation to-day is not what it was when their deliberations began. Perhaps for this reason, the report is a somewhat inconclusive document. It has few positive suggestions to make on major issues. It is able to look for industrial betterment only to the gradual expansion of production and trade. The Committee reach the emphatic conclusion that the first step towards putting British industry in a position to compete successfully in overseas markets is to subject their organization and equipment to a thorough process of reconditioning. In thus endorsing the policy of rationalization the Balfour Report is at one with the Melchett-Turner Report. By what method is this policy to be effected? Is it to be accomplished spontaneously, by stimulus from within industry itself, or artificially, by outside or State help? The first requisite of reorganization, as the Balfour Committee point out, must be the *will* to reorganize; the second must be the *power* to reorganize. How are these two to be co-ordinated? There is general agreement, we are glad to note, that the process must start from within. The Balfour Committee state that "while fully recognizing that the general economic policy of the State may contribute to ease the difficulties of the transition," they are "profoundly convinced that the first steps . . . must come from the industries themselves."

Short of Socialization, State stimulus of trade revival can take several forms, one of which is tariffs. What the Committee have to say on this subject and its bearing on the process of rationalization is of particular relevancy at a time when the Government are considering safeguarding policy and what extensions to it, if any, they shall propose in the next Parliament. Let it be said at once that the Report is a Free Trade report. It does not consider this country is hard hit by the general system of free imports. The idea of a *tarif de combat* is dismissed. The Committee add, what we hope will be noted by certain Labour spokesmen who have already tentatively put forward the theory as a possible policy for their party, that in their opinion it is neither desirable nor even possible to erect a tariff as a means of "neutralizing international differences of labour costs"—in other words, of keeping out "sweated" foreign goods.

But while they state the Free Trade case precisely, emphasizing the nation's dependence on the free inflow of imports and declaring that "no substantial change" in our tariff policy "is justifiable unless there is evidence of such widespread support as will afford a reasonable prospect of prosperity," the Committee are, with certain exceptions, in favour of the general principles of protection of "key" industries. The justification or otherwise of the policy of safeguarding depends on whether it enables an industry so to increase its output that it can lower its overhead costs to a point that will allow it to export at the world's price without raising the home price, and the Committee consider that the results of this policy so far as it has yet been pursued are inconclusive, but sufficiently encouraging to suggest that the experiment should be continued at least for a period. They insist, however, that the operation of this policy must always be limited, not only in extent but also in the time that any particular safeguarding duty is in force (to this we shall allude again presently) and they proceed to this significant utterance: "That the strict fulfilment of these conditions [the procedure by which a duty is granted] is clearly incompatible with any policy of gradually building up a general tariff by means of a succession of 'safeguarding' inquiries."

The Committee suggest certain modifications of the system by which applications for a safeguarding duty are examined, and among them they include this striking one, that the body investigating the case should always take into consideration the adequacy of the provision made by the appellant industry for research. The meaning of this recommendation is plain. The whole bearing of the Report is to regard the outside or artificial aid to reorganization as secondary, and even *conditional*. The submission is simply this, that the State, like Providence, should help those that help themselves. The first essential of success must be regeneration from within. It seems possible that this "conditional" theory, carried further, might offer a way of combining State aid in the matter of rationalization with primary internal development. The Committee make the proposal to which we have alluded, that before a safeguarding duty is granted the amount of research an industry is engaged in should be considered. Why not extend this principle? Why not make it a condition of granting a duty that the industry in question shall give proof of self-help and enterprise not in this way only but in other ways? Why not, in fact, grant a safeguarding duty only to industries that are committed to thorough and whole-hearted reorganization, and only for a limited period? Such a policy would be the best inducement to industries to push forward with rationalization, by offering a temporary protection under cover of which they could the more readily embark on the financial risks involved.

It is here that the Committee's suggestion of a time-limit to the duration of the duties again comes into play. It would stimulate the despatch with which essential reorganization was carried out if not only were a time-limit set to the operation of any duty granted, but also the amount of the duty within that period were gradually to diminish. This has been done, for example, with the German motor trade with astonishingly successful results. The time-limit would put a trade on its mettle,



and the sliding scale would avoid the ill-effects of a sudden reversion to a free market. The Committee recommend that industries protected by safeguarding or McKenna duties should be required to render periodic returns to the Board of Trade so that the effect of the duties and the possibilities of their discontinuance could from time to time be reviewed; the ideas we have here tentatively put forward are no more than the logical extension of this proposal. To make safeguarding conditional on industry doing for itself what even those who are opposed to safeguarding believe to be the most important requisite of all for trade revival, and to make it also a diminishing and an eventually expiring duty, would be to take almost all the sting out of it for those who look askance at tariffs. At all events, these ideas are deserving of consideration by those who will have the future industrial policy of the nation to frame.

### FINANCE AND DEFENCE

THE defence estimates are down on last year by nearly two millions, and of this saving the Navy has made roughly about three-quarters and the Army the rest, with the exception of £50,000 which is the Air Ministry's contribution. The Admiralty is notoriously both the most obstinate and the most conservative of Government departments, and no reduction of its estimates, however slight, is to be disdained. But it still spends within a million as much as the other two services together. Is there anyone who would maintain that the risks against which the Navy estimates are the insurance premium are as imminent or great as all the other risks to national safety, and three and a half times as great as those from the air? Yet if that cannot be maintained, these defence estimates are to that extent convicted of unreality and are actuated more by mass momentum than by reason.

There was no separate Air Ministry before the war, but the disappearance of Germany as a naval rival and the discovery that we are no longer an island has made virtually no difference in the proportionate demands of sea-power. The explanation of course is that the big spending departments regard themselves as independent powers who have to maintain their importance against domestic no less than against foreign rivals. If the truth were known, Sir Samuel Hoare is more feared and disliked by the Sea Lords than ever Von Tirpitz was.

The project of a single Ministry of Defence with Navy, Army and Air Ministries as separate secretariats under its control is making no progress, and though the House of Commons occasionally gets an opportunity of debating defence in general, as distinct from the estimates for any particular branch of defence, it has never been able to use it as it should be used. Even if it were possible to imagine a Sea Lord who believed that sea-power was no longer to be expressed in terms of ships, he could never advocate an alternative policy from within the Admiralty. The function of the Admiralty is to think in terms of ships and men, and to think in any other is to be guilty of departmental high treason. How is it feasible for the Admiralty to take the lead in advocating measures

which inevitably would diminish its own importance? The policy of the War Office, again, under Sir George Milne has been enlightened and progressive, and it is much more accessible to new ideas than the Admiralty.

But here again the scope of possible change is limited, for even if the Army Council could be convinced that it was spending money on the Army that could be better spent by the Admiralty or the Air Ministry, it is impossible that it should ever propose to diminish the importance of the Army relative to the other defence services. Nor, though an increasing number of members are beginning to regard the Air Ministry as the real custodian of the new spirit, is it possible to imagine the best Air Minister taking an impartial view of his departmental interests where they conflicted with those of other services. There can be no new orientation of our general defence policy from within the departments. Whose business, then, is it to recast the problem of defence and to override purely departmental views? Presumably, as there is no single Minister of Defence and apparently not likely to be in the immediate future, this work should be done by the Cabinet Committee of Defence. But quite evidently it is not being done, and for the simple reason that even the Cabinet will hardly dare to risk an open quarrel with a great department like the Admiralty.

The temptation in these matters of defence to maintain ease and a quiet life is too great to be resisted even by the best of Governments. The impulse must come from outside the Government and the departments both. What one would like to see is the formation of a defined school of Parliamentary thought on the general policy of defence, and if it were not confined to one party but had representatives of all, so much the better. In no other way shall we obtain the strong impulse that is necessary if the sweeping reforms, which we are nearly all agreed are necessary, are to be carried through to success. So far from resenting the formation of such a school, the best and most progressive Ministers would welcome it as the indispensable ally.

Is it out of the question that such a school should be formed? Questions of defence are no longer an issue between parties; the sole issue is as to the best practicable measures to be taken towards ends which are agreed to be desirable. A mere party debate on service questions is indeed always a shocking exhibition of futility. With Labour the contributions to such debate begin as a rule with a demand for immediate and complete disarmament, and that having been defeated subside on paltry local disputes about wages. Yet, as a comparison of the speeches on the Air Estimates from Conservatives like Captain Reid and Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Liberals like Captain Guest and Labour Members like Captain Wedgwood Benn shows, there are all the materials in the House of Commons for a new constructive policy of defence, which, if necessary, should reverse the present order of departmental precedence.

One can imagine a non-party Committee formed out of elements such as these doing work which no Cabinet will ever do except under the fiercest pressure. Think of the ideas that they would have to play with. They might take up Mr. Churchill's idea of the Air Force as the ideal instrument of the League of Nations. They might face the fact

that the Navy no longer protects against invasion, inasmuch as no would-be invader need trouble to defeat our fleet with the air lying open, and that the Navy must not be considered merely as an insurance of our communications overseas, and then address themselves to the consideration whether there are not other and better ways of self-protection which would draw closer our friendship with America. In Army policy they might recognize that apart from increased assistance from the air forces there is now little chance of further reduction of what is virtually no more than a police force, and that conscription for the battlefield not only is dead here, but is dying as fast as it can in Europe, and that victory in future wars on land will go to the nation which best understands how to use its industrial efficiency to give weight and sharpness to a small spear-head at the fighting front. There is no end to the peaceful projects of reform that such a Committee might work out into a coherent and constructive policy. It is too late to attempt it in the present Parliament, but there will be time and opportunity in the next. And we see no other way that promises to combine economy with genuine realism and efficiency in our defence policy.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

SIR SAMUEL HOARE never allows himself to show emotion, but beneath the refined urbanity with which he presented the Air Estimates on Thursday peeped a little self-conscious pride. For the fourth year in succession he could show a decrease in net expenditure, and yet point to a more powerful Air Force. Although our first-line strength has doubled since 1923, the number of men remains the same. A revolution in aircraft construction has been effected. Whereas in 1925 one metal machine was being built to nineteen of wood, the proportion is now one of wood to seven of metal. New links of Empire are being forged and regular air services will be operating within a few weeks to India, and within a few months to East and South Africa. So spake he, but:

Ein schöner Traum indessen sie entweicht.  
Ach! zu des Geistes flügeln wird so leicht  
Kein körperlicher flügel sich gesellen.

Col. Moore-Brabazon was not at all satisfied. Why, he asked, was the House never allowed to discuss Defence as a whole? Did the Government ever do so? Might not a greater development of the Air Force make possible reductions in the other fighting services? What had become of the Prime Minister's determination to hack through vested interests? Were the War Office and the Admiralty always to receive dress allowances and the Air Ministry to be left for ever in the cinders? Then—most unkindest cut of all—he concluded: "After all, peace in our time does not necessarily mean somnolence on the Treasury Bench. The snores of the Government resound throughout the country."

Except, however, for a spirited speech by Mr. Wedgwood Benn, the House was not inclined to join battle with the Government on this issue, and the debate pursued its way on orthodox lines with much comment, a little criticism, but on the whole with gratifying approbation for the Secretary of State.

\* \* \*

After a Friday spent on passing the second reading of a rather technical Bill to allow Friendly Societies and Industrial Insurance Companies to do certain

things which have been declared illegal, and in polishing off the Irish business, interest in which has completely petered out, the House finally disposed of the Scottish Local Government Bill on Monday. A thin attendance of pertinacious Scots listened to good speeches by Mr. Boothby, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Barclay Harvey and Major Elliott, and, the English members having come in to vote, everyone went home thankful that this tyranny is overpast. Tuesday's debate on the Report stage of Army and Navy votes was in the main an elaboration of subjects raised on previous occasions and the discussion on the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Relief of Distressed Areas on Wednesday was chiefly concerned with the details of distribution and administration.

\* \* \*

The Home Secretary has had a bad time lately. He has been picked out to personify "bureaucracy" and to be the target of all the shafts directed against those restrictions of individual liberty with which that term is associated. Too much attention need not be paid to the misinformed and almost scurrilous fulminations of certain newspapers of which he need not be afraid. As it is written in the 'Ingoldsby Legends':

Never was heard such a terrible curse!  
But what gave rise to no little surprise,  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse.

His best friends, however, must admit that he has been "asking for it." He has burnt his fingers by playing with the limelight. He is, indeed, not to blame if the relics of dead Dora have been enshrined in an Act of Parliament. The fault, if there is one, lies with the whole House of Commons which passed the Shops (Hours of Closing) Bill without a division, in the belief that, on the evidence, it was what people wanted. But he must accept at least some of the responsibility for the apprehension that though Dora's body "lies a'mouldering in the grave" her "soul goes marching on."

It not infrequently happens, however, that the habitual offender gets "pulled in" for a crime he has not committed, and he who would set out to purify the night life of London and the products of current literature must be prepared to accept the pains of martyrdom as the complement of the exaltations of evangelism. But "thoughts tending to ambition they do plot unlikely wonders" and it is certainly unlikely that "Jix" will be allowed to add to the already swollen list of Cabinet Offices the post of Grand Inquisitor, to which his excursions into ecclesiastical controversy have, perhaps, led him to aspire. Even that Don Alhambra del Bolero of the 'Gondoliers' who propounded the maxim that "A Grand Inquisitor is always up to date" might have been surprised to find in Hansard material for a new "Index Expurgatorius" based on the numerous questions provoked by the recent actions of the Home Office.

FIRST CITIZEN

## MR. CHURCHILL'S INDICTMENT \*

By A. A. B.

I CAN recall no instance of a statesman, who has spent twenty out of thirty years of public life in the almost continuous occupation of the highest offices, producing a history comparable in magnitude to Mr. Churchill's 'World's Crisis.' Macaulay filled subordinate posts for a few years in two Liberal Governments. Disraeli wrote in the attractive form of novels a body of political philosophy which still informs the speeches of young and old. But he wrote them in the interludes of

\* 'The World Crisis, the Aftermath.' By Winston Churchill. Thornton Butterworth. 30s.



Opposition, of which the accidents of his career afforded him plenty. Morley also wrote many books, but his biography of Gladstone, the only important work undertaken after his entry into active politics, was begun and finished in Opposition. Mr. Churchill, while acting, with a break of about three years, as First Lord of the Admiralty, Chancellor of the Duchy, Munitions Minister, War Secretary, Colonial Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer, has found time, from what must have been very voluminous diaries, correspondence and memoranda, to present the world with a story of the Great War which, without flattery, will be a possession for ever.

Matthew Arnold would have sniffed at Mr. Churchill's style, as he sniffed at Kinglake's, for being Corinthian; but that distinguished critic condemned the extravagance of Burke, to which he preferred the Attic simplicity of Addison. The majority of readers like rhetoric, I do for one. Who would not rather read Froude than 'The Spectator'? Mr. Churchill's rhetoric is, it must be admitted, so full-blooded now and then as to offend the fastidious of the Arnold and Pater schools. Yet what can be happier, as a rhetorical trick, than the opening with a dream of what might have been and the grim awakening to the realities? His range of picturesque metaphor is easy and unlimited: "The removal of the paramount war motive made men conscious not only of exhaustion but of party politics. The gale no longer raged, and as the tide went out all the rocks and shallows, the stranded wreckage, the lobster pots and local sewage outfalls became visible in detail from the esplanade." Every Brighton tripper can see that, and for that reason it is artistically better than the sunrise on the mountains.

'The Aftermath' deals with the four years of the Coalition Government, from 1918 to 1922, beginning with the Paris Conference, and ending with the Irish Treaty. As Mr. Churchill was an important member of that Government, whose advice was never followed, and whose policy was always thwarted, the book resolves itself into a defence of Mr. Churchill and an indictment of Mr. Lloyd George, the Coalition Cabinet, and our dear Allies.

Mr. Churchill is justified in all the important questions of policy, with the exception of Ireland, and even on that he is less to blame than Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Walter Long, whose signature of the Treaty is to me abominable. Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill had been consistent Home-Rulers since 1906, and although the settlement of Ireland may have been necessary it should have been effected after, not before, the suppression of murder and rebellion. But that the leaders of the Unionist Party, particularly Joseph Chamberlain's son, and Galloper Smith, should have set their hands to this deed makes statesmanship a farce, and defies all the traditional decency of English politics. Seeing that the Conservatives were the largest party in the Coalition, I do not think that their leader, Mr. Bonar Law, can be altogether acquitted of blame for his acquiescence, although, no doubt, the state of his health is an explanation, if not an excuse. Mr. Churchill is a past master of euphemism. His description of Michael Collins as a man whose "hands have touched directly the springs of terrible deeds" wants some beating, as a way of saying that he was a murderer.

Apart from the Irish Treaty, whose effects we are still to realize, Mr. Churchill was, in my judgment, right on all the great questions that came up for solution in those fateful years; and so far as he was right the Prime Minister was wrong. The Dardanelles fiasco does not come within the compass of these years, but its results influenced the policy of the Allies. Mr. Churchill was right in seeing that the forcing of the Dardanelles and the sending of the fleet to Constantinople would have ended the

war in 1915. His policy was defeated, by the obstinacy of Lord Kitchener in refusing to send troops to Gallipoli until it was too late, and by the incompetence, to use no harsher term, of Admiral de Robeck in refusing to return with his fleet. In his treatment of the three great questions which filled the years of the Coalition, the Peace Conference of Paris, the Russian question, and the Greco-Turkish War, Mr. Churchill, while exposing the vacillation and confusion of the Prime Minister, has secured for two of our allies, namely, America and France, a prominence of mischief.

We have all of us heard enough about the conceit and ignorance of President Wilson; how he wasted nine months over the Covenant of the League; how he lectured his colleagues, and attempted to play the schoolmaster to Europe. But what about the behaviour of the Senate of the United States? Telegrams were passing daily between Paris and Washington. The Senators calmly allowed their President to waste nine months of European time in framing a treaty which, from the lowest party motives, they had made up their minds to reject. The mischief done by the American repudiation of their President's signature in keeping alive the alarm of France, and the consequent ill-feeling towards Germany, is incalculable and unforgivable. In handling the Civil War in Russia, it was chiefly the jealousy of America towards Japan which prevented that power from pushing troops through Siberia to suppress the Bolsheviks. With regard to the Russian question, Mr. Churchill again was entirely in the right in seeing that Bolshevism was a disease and a threat to Western civilization that called for the united action of the Allies. And Bolshevism could have been easily suppressed in the first years after the Peace; Marshal Foch offered to take Moscow with thirty thousand European troops. But here again, the game was lost through the reluctance of the English Prime Minister to interfere with what he regarded as a promising experiment in democracy.

Perhaps a still more potent cause of failure was the behaviour of the French, which amounts to something like treachery. That brave statesman, Admiral Koltchak, after having been promised a safe conduct by General Janin upon the collapse of his Siberian army, was by him handed over to death at the hands of the Bolsheviks. The desertion of General Denikin in South Russia was also due mainly to the faintheartedness and disloyalty of the French. Most of the trouble in Poland was traceable to French intrigues, the one object of France being to bring Poland into a secret French alliance. But the disloyalty of France towards England in the Russian and Polish questions pales before her underhand behaviour in the Greco-Turkish war, which was really the greatest crime in the whole story of Armageddon and its sequel. Mr. Lloyd George was entitled to his philo-Greek policy, and to his conventional anti-Turk attitude; but with all his knowledge of the facts in 1919, his patronage of the insane ambition of Venizelos and his allowing a Greek army to be landed at Smyrna under the protection of British warships, are difficult to condone. The French and Italian Governments were participators in this crime, but the behaviour of the French is not easy to describe in temperate language. When the Greeks were beaten and massacred, and when the British Government were doing their best to induce the victorious Mustapha Kemal to conclude peace on almost any terms, the French Government actually sent an envoy to Angora to encourage the Turks in refusing our offer. According to Mr. Churchill's account, the French delegate, the ineffable M. Franklin-Bouillon, did his best to persuade Kemal that the British Government were not in earnest and would not enforce their demands with troops.

It is hardly credible, but we take it on Mr. Churchill's authority that when General

Harrington had collected a small force at Chanak, together with French and Italian troops, as the last chance of stopping a triumphant invasion of Constantinople and Greece by the Angora Turks, France and Italy withdrew their troops, and had it not been for the coolness and bravery of the British commanders, an irreparable blow would have been inflicted on the credit of the Western Powers. As it was, the paradox of the whole war is the ultimate rehabilitation of Turkey, who recovered Constantinople and the whole of her European and Asiatic Kingdom.

As I have already indicated, Mr. Churchill advised, expostulated and remonstrated in letters to the Prime Minister and Memoranda to the Cabinet without effect. His advice about the generous treatment of Germany was wise, but it was not followed. Mr. Lloyd George was indeed his own Foreign Secretary and War Minister. He ignored alike the stately Lord Curzon, and the persistent Mr. Churchill, and he paid the penalty of his autocracy.

## THE MEANING OF THE TESTS

By EDWARD SHANKS

WITH the last Test match still unfinished at the time of writing (and perhaps, to judge from the pace of the first three days, still to be unfinished when this appears) it is impossible to say how many records will have been broken in the course of the series. We have had already the longest of all Test matches, the highest total ever made by either side in an innings, Hammond's two double centuries and his record aggregate, England's three five hundreds in one series, the fifteen centuries in one series, and so on. A full list would probably fill a page of Wisden, or more.

Strangely enough, the average rate of scoring is not quite the slowest on record. In the Tests of 1907-8 the rate was 43 runs an hour, and I think that this time both sides taken together have done a little better than that—but not much. Batsmen have been more cautious even than is usual in Sheffield Shield matches and much more cautious than we should think of tolerating in county matches at home. And it is partly as a result of this that the records have been made—for all of them, be it specially observed, are batting records. The question then arises whether we want so many batting records, whether, instead of admiring them, we ought not rather to deplore them, as evidence that the game is in an unbalanced condition.

I think the answer to this question is unmistakably supplied by the result of the present series of matches. The Australians were out of the hunt from the first simply because with them the game has been allowed to become even worse balanced than with us. For years their bowlers have been brutally maltreated. We find Grimmett coming out at the end of a season with an average of over forty and in one innings we see Mailey sending down sixty-four eight-ball overs for 362 runs and four wickets. They have made their bowlers the helots of cricket and as a result they have had this winter probably the poorest attack that either country has ever sent into the field. But this is not all: this result brings another in its train. It is not merely the fact that every English wicket has cost them forty-five runs that has procured them so unholy a beating. Their spoon-fed batsmen were at first altogether unable to deal with an English attack which the most generous critic could not rank among the four or five best we have sent to Australia. Woodfull and Ryder (both with English experience) alone were able to stand up against it: the rest were at sea.

It is true that they soon made a recovery from this initial shock and that at the decisive moment it was the bowling which failed them. From the second innings of the second match onward there does not seem to have been much to choose between the two

teams from the point of batting: indeed, on the whole it might be argued that the Australians were more consistent. But in the final stage of the third match, their bowlers showed conclusively that they did not know how to make use of a heaven-sent wicket. Clem Hill thought he was flattering us when he named 150 as the highest total we could hope for in that last innings. He had in mind the old days when Australian bowlers knew every trick of the game, when it would not have occurred to Trumble to practise the leg-theory on a "sticky dog." Perhaps he remembered Melbourne in 1904 when Tyldesley's 62 out of 103 was reckoned by good judges to be the best innings he ever played.

Nevertheless, though it was not the final cause of their defeat, the weakness of the Australian's batting, evidently due to lack of practice against bowlers not entirely reduced to slavery, is the most significant lesson of this tour. Even now we cannot tell what might have happened to them on a wicket such as that on which we won the deciding match at Melbourne. If we may judge by what their bowlers did, it is legitimate to suppose that White (who, with all respect, is not a Rhodes, fine bowler as he is) might have tumbled them out for fifty or less. The lesson of these Tests is this, *that where bowling is neglected, batting necessarily decays.*

It is, in spite of the fact that we have so handsomely won the rubber, a lesson that we shall do well to take to heart. Our own bowling—and, again, I speak with all respect to fine players who have suffered from the conditions of our time—is not of superlative quality. If White is no Rhodes, Larwood is not a Richardson, Tate not a Barnes. Is it likely that Larwood will last as a fast bowler? His action is not of the sort that conserves a fast bowler's powers. Tate reached his highest point in the Test matches of 1924-5 and has never come near it again either in England or in Australia. Besides, he will be thirty-five when the Australians are next here: Geary will be thirty-seven and White thirty-nine. Where are now the bowlers in their twenties of promise comparable to that of Hammond, Jardine and Leyland? The secret of our success in this tour is not that we have cherished our bowlers as we should have done but simply that we have not neglected them so badly as the Australians. We must, however, do better if the game is to regain and hold its former balance between attack and defence. Bowling is a fascinating art if the bowler is given a fair chance of practising it. But on lifeless wickets, and against batsmen not pressed to take any risks whatsoever, the fair chance is denied him, and it is small wonder if the young player, whose talents might be developed in either direction, chooses to seek the easier life and the easier applause that are now the portion of the batsman.

There are, I know, serious difficulties in the way of prohibiting the over-preparation of wickets. But, after all, cricket has always dealt sparingly in formal prohibitions and the core of the game is to be found in the first clause of Law 43: "The umpires are the sole judges of fair or unfair play." This is simply relying on the common sense of the umpires, and, by an extension of the principle, one might reasonably rely on the common sense of the general body of cricketers to decide whether a wicket has been over-prepared or not. In other words, cricketers must realize that over-preparation is killing the game and they must make their opinion felt.

With regard to batsmen who will not take risks and prefer a draw in which their averages have profited to a finished match in which a risk has matured, much the same thing may be said. Something could perhaps be done by abolishing the pernicious first-innings points. But the remedy really lies with the county captains and committees. It is for them to understand what cricket is and to make their men play it.



## SELLING A PIG IN A POKE

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

I SUPPOSE that most of us like to imagine ourselves mildly agricultural. We like, I mean, to run earth sagaciously through our fingers and bravely to ignore cows, or even flamboyantly hoosh them out of our way. We do our best in the village inn to appear absorbed in agricultural problems and prospects, and we make our gardens serve. "Parsnips got the blight this way at all?" we ask when we are in foreign counties; or "Do you believe in soot?" we intensely demand from that wiseacre, old Geordy Clodpole.

I suppose that it was this instinct which made me undertake the sow. I should blush to admit that I couldn't sell a sow: it is the sort of thing one simply ought to be able to do. I cannot understand to this day why Oliver Style could not sell it himself, but he made it seem that there were weighty reasons. Under the name of Oliver Style I am concealing the identity of a distinguished writer who, at that time, was under the impression that he was farming. I was staying with him in my own neighbourhood near Tunborough—I, an undergraduate with aspirations, he, a master with contracts and complete editions. Was I likely, all things considered, to refuse?

"You see," he said, blowing reflectively through his moustache in that tired fading voice of his, "it doesn't do for me to go myself, I want to run her up. There's a ring." It was something of this sort that he said. I felt that I had an inkling of the difficulty. He was rather stout, a little short-winded. "Sefton'll go in with you," he added. I was glad of that. Sefton was a great stand-by in agricultural matters. He looked trustworthy because he had one of those beards that pass from ear to ear like a policeman's chin-strap. I suspect that Oliver Style relied on him a good deal himself.

I dressed carefully in the morning. I had luckily brought breeches with me and I managed to borrow a pair of black gaiters. That was the only particular effort I made beyond remembering to secure one or two clean straws. I did not want to over-dress the part because, after all, I had been known all my life in Tunborough and too sudden a metamorphosis might put my rival dealers on their guard.

I found Sefton harnessing the pony. "I'll fetch Isabella," I said. Isabella was the sow's name. I took a rope and found Isabella in the kitchen garden with an assortment of ducks and chickens and other domestic beasts who appeared to live there from the way in which they were making free. I examined Isabella and found the ring, to which I tied the rope in a most nautical and efficient manner. Then I tried to run her up. I was not surprised that Oliver had passed the business on to me; Isabella was as difficult a sow to run up as you can imagine. In fact she made such a commotion that Sefton came down. He seemed puzzled. I suppose in his old-fashioned way he had never heard of running a pig up when there was a ring. I should like to know what he thought the ring was there for. He took her along in a most primitive fashion as if he were an Underground official herding typists.

When we had combined to hoist Isabella into the cart, Oliver put his half-shaven face out of the window. "Good luck," he blew softly, "buy her in up to sixteen." "Oh, of course," I said.

Sefton and I perched on a board that was excessively dirty in an agricultural way. I set about the business of pumping him without giving myself away. "Buy her in up to sixteen shillings, he said, didn't he?" I began nonchalantly. "'Er woan't fetch thaat, never you fear." I said no, I didn't fear. "Prices is goin' back." I suggested that I had noticed that phenomenon and after a time I said, "Sixteen shillings

will buy a fine sow now, I suppose." "Ha, ha," said Sefton, slyly. "Ha, ha," said I. "But seriously, sixteen pounds is a lot for that sow."

"'Tis a tidy sum."

"And yet he won't sell for sixteen."

"So 'e säaid."

I buried my pride and asked bluntly, "What do I do then if she doesn't fetch sixteen?" "You just runs 'er up an' if 'er doan't fetch sixteen you buys 'er in." "I see," I said. It wasn't as if I didn't. I had to run her up after all. I sounded again. "There's a ring isn't there?" "Ah, an' a pretty tight 'un, too." "Yes, I thought it seemed rather tight. It must be exceedingly uncomfortable."

Sefton explained. It seemed that I had misunderstood a little about the ring and the running up. Soon after this we plodded into Tunborough market-place and unloaded Isabella and consigned her to a pen. Sefton left me and seeing young Tom Marshall I thrust a straw into my mouth and strolled up to him, hands in breeches pocket and hat a-tilt.

"Mornin', Tom," I said, knowingly. You can't be too knowing when you're out to make a deal. "Mornin', Mist' Ant'ney. Whad you doin' down 'ere then?" I winked. "You're not wanting a good pig, I suppose, a large black sow, called Isabella?" Tom laughed and said, "Goin' t'have a pint then?"

Oh, I was up to that dodge. I was not going to budge a penny, but I didn't mind having the pint. But Tom didn't seem to want the sow. Then I heard the auctioneer beginning and I thought that I had better take my stand by Isabella. Unfortunately I could not find her: there were so many pigs. Old Dick came up, too, chewing the cud and revolving one shoulder. "Lookin' for your old sow?" he asked. "I've just mislaid her for the moment." Old Dick led me to her. "How did you know her?" "See you unload 'er, I did." Old Dick must have a wonderful eye for pigs.

The moment came. I ran Isabella up, which was easier to do than you'd think. The auctioneer advised me in that helpful way that the croupiers do when you first play baccarat. In the end Isabella was knocked down to me at fourteen, and then I suddenly remembered that I had left all my money in my unagricultural trousers. I said how sorry I was. "But you bought 'er in, arn't you?" said a bystander. "Yes. In a cart, but..." Tom said: "If you bought 'er in, you don't 'ave to pay for 'er." "Oh no, of course not. How silly. I forgot." I cannot see who makes anything out of this sort of business.

The auctioneer and his little group moved on and then a stranger came up to me and nodded good day. He prodded Isabella with his stick, and said, "How many stuns d'you reckon 'er'd run?" Judging from my attempts in the morning I did not think that she would run far, but I had already learnt too much to commit myself, so I said, "What ud you say?" "Thirty-foive, p'räaps." "Yes, perhaps. Thirty-five. Hum. Yes. A good thirty-five, I should say."

"I'll give you nine bob a stun." "No," I said firmly, "no, I couldn't think of it." I couldn't. I never could think of figures and I know what these agricultural fellows are. The way they score at darts. . . .

I began to wish that Sefton would turn up. As a stand-by he had been a noticeable failure, and now I was getting thoroughly tired of looking at Isabella. Besides, somebody was suggesting that I ought to get her out of the pen which would be wanted soon. I began. Have you ever tried to transfer a sow that runs thirty-five stuns from a pen to a high cart? I was desperate by the time that Sefton appeared with a look that spoke pints.

We jogged home disgruntled. We jogged so much that Isabella was sick. Poor thing, I wiped her snout with a handkerchief and she looked grateful. I must confess that I do not see the point of taking a pig to market. But I suppose that is the sort of thing that has made England what she is.

## AMONG THE GLASS JARS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I WAS handed over to a youngish man who was wearing a check apron. He was one of those fair, undersized Cockneys who have no features but yet a great deal of character. Mr. H. G. Wells knows all about them and on the whole has dealt justly with them, in spite of his trick of pretending to survey them from a vast biological and sociological height. This one with the check apron was quite capable of saying "Chubes," like Kipps, but on the other hand he could not have shared Kipps's dismay. He was learned in those chubes, for he saw thousands of them every day. I had been handed over to him so that he might show me some of them, for we were in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

This is, I need hardly say, no ordinary museum. If it had been, I should have avoided a guide, because it is much better to drift about such places by oneself, making one's own discoveries. I do not like to be piloted up and down innumerable corridors and to be prevented from thinking by the chatter-chatter of some well-informed human parrot. If it had been a mere matter of piloting and information, I think I could have got on quite well without my friend in the check apron. His services, however, were more important than that. When we parted, I rewarded him not for his knowledge but for his cheery ignorance. Where there is a Cockney there is life. In the midst of death, his sparrow glances, his little ragged moustache, his perky accent, were a constant reminder of the fact that somewhere outside there still existed a world of bo'l'd staht an' fegs an' Ally Pally an' Lily Morris singing 'Down't 'ave any mo-wer, Missis Mo-wer'—or, if this is too vulgar for you, a world of sport and song, conviviality, humour, and affection. Set me down, if you like, as a weakling because I stood in want of such a reminder; but I am a layman and I have just been. There used to be men about the streets crying, "Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day." We leave the rags outside the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, but the bones and the bottles are there. Perhaps those men were not what they seemed.

I did not feel very uncomfortable in the presence of the bones. There is a certain grotesque humour about skulls and skeletons. Hamlet did not plumb the depths, for Yorick and the painted lady might have had a worse end; they might have found their way into glycerine and a glass jar. There are rows and rows of skulls in this museum, and if you wish you may survey bonekind from Pilt-down to Pimlico. (Jonathan Wild is there, by the way, and looks completely at home.) You may begin with the Neolithic and come by stages to the modern European in his place of honour, though even then it is only such grinning honour as Sir Walter had. There are skeletons ranging from a pigmy lady to the incredible eight feet of the Irish giant. I noticed some bony fellows leaning forward in a rather absurd way, and then discovered that they had been anthropoid apes. I was asked to remark how flat the tops of their skulls were, and did so, though without much satisfaction. You scream, scratch, and throw

coconuts, apparently, and then, having another inch or so on the top of your skull, you produce the dialogues of Plato, 'Macbeth,' the Ninth Symphony, and the catalogue of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. In short, when the skull is the right size, it immediately begins to put itself in museums. I am sorry, but there is something here that eludes me.

There is one long room that is nothing less than a symphony of bone. Man cuts a poor figure in there, though I noticed that the tiger cut a worse. The centre-piece is composed of the vast gleaming arches of the sperm whale, like the ribs of a ship. Melville would have clapped his hands at the sight of his old friend so imperially housed. The prehistoric creatures and the pachyderms are next in order of importance. Nature apparently built these fellows to last, but they have not lasted, except as shining ruins. That little extra bit of skull has seen to that, and as Nature is also responsible for anything that happens to skulls, she appears to be playing a very queer and inconsistent game.

But what about the game that Man has been playing? I caught a shuddering glimpse of it down in the basement, where the Army Medical War Collection is now permanently deposited. A series of faces modelled and coloured to the life in wax illustrate the marvels of plastic surgery. They were, indeed, too much to the life, for I seemed to have known the very men. You see a face that stops short at the upper lip, the rest being nothing but crimson pulp. You see it again, and something good is happening to it. You see it once more, and it is a complete face, a little twisted and scarred, perhaps, but still a face. There are models of cheeks being restored, of noses being manufactured out of strips of skin from foreheads. A glimpse is sufficient to make you grateful for ever for this patient mingling of art and science. Incredible, though, that the same species could have produced both the wounds and the healing, that the same age will both pulp and mend its creatures. Incidentally, it might not be a bad idea to duplicate some of those models and hang them up in various public places throughout Europe and America. All foreign negotiations might be conducted within sight of those things that are half faces and half screaming horrors.

After all, there is another war going on all the time, and you may find a few of its souvenirs in the thousands and thousands of glass jars, filling room after room. Some of the things in these jars look quite pretty, and not unlike specimens of submarine life. Sometimes they are tinted blue or pink or both; their shapes are strange but not ungraceful; many of them, delicate, translucent, seem to sway or wave in the spirit or glycerine that is their element. They did not fill me with horror, make me feel sick, as I thought they would, these livers and kidneys and bladders and stomachs. I could not associate them with myself or my own kind. If I had learned that they had been brought from another planet, I should not have been very surprised. I understood enough, however, to respect the men who had put them there. It is a good war, this, and it is being fought on ever wider and wider fronts. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw—who has all the prophet's contempt for people outside his own line of busi-



ness—I have always admired the doctors. It is said that the best of them must be something of a charlatan. I should prefer to say that even the worst of them protects us from something worse than a thousand charlatans.

"All these," said my aproned guide, when he came to the last gallery, "are what you might call freaks." Might, indeed! I do not intend to describe these little pranks or mistakes of Nature. Those who have the stomach for it may go and see for themselves. They should do what I could not do, namely, take Science with them. In Science there are no horrors; all is understood and therefore forgiven; and the two-headed thing in its jar can be calmly examined. I looked down and saw two charwomen in blue, dusting some glass jars below, and I wondered what they thought about it all. I looked again and saw a figure in white. Apparently it was Sir Arthur Keith, busy sorting mandibles. I could hear them clattering like dominoes. I did not wonder what he thought about it all, for the simple reason that I know, if there is any truth in the reports of public men's speeches. John Hunter left behind him 13,682 specimens, and since then thousands and thousands of others have been added. No part of us has escaped its little jar. Yet look where you will, you will not find the tiniest jar labelled "Mind of Man" or "Soul of Man." And if you wish to know what it is that is responsible for all this collecting, arranging, cataloguing, what drives men on to study these things so patiently, I can only direct you to that room below on the right, where you will see rows of bottled crinkly greyish-brown stuff—brains, they call them. This stuff is responsible for all this ordered activity and selfless devotion. The unbottled examines the bottled and that is how it is done. And after that, I told myself as I wandered into Lincoln's Inn Fields again, it seems silly that the jars cannot dust and arrange themselves.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.  
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### LAW, LITERATURE AND LAMP-POSTS

SIR,—The law, as laid down by the Attorney-General, and lately enforced by the Home Secretary, states that any book is liable to suppression, and its author to the imputation of obscenity, if it may "corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influences."

Now, I am in a small way a novelist. The æsthetic merits of my books are irrelevant: they may be better than I think they are, but that has nothing to do with their legal position. I do not think my novels are obscene: at all events, they have more than once been blamed for implying too rigorous a moral standard. But how am I to know that "persons whose minds are open to immoral influences" may not land me in the dock by finding there what Voltaire found in the first chapters of St. Luke? Perhaps, to show that I do not imagine the danger, I may be allowed to quote, with due modesty, from actual comments made on actual books.

The point of one is that a too unthinking generosity in personal relations may have awkward results for recipient as well as donor: in fact, it was meant, so

far as it had a "purpose," to show the need of *intelletto d'amore*. Now one critic says of it—I quote verbatim—"It is a noble story, finely told. Its theme is the love that Plato knew, that Shelley stumbled at, that Fielding set apart from passion's hunger." This sounds harmless enough: but Miss Rose Macaulay, who would not like to be thought easily shocked, called it "morbid . . . neurotic . . . of a perverse tendency." My last book again had a theme which I believe most people would find completely unobjectionable—the fact that if fine natures permit their instinctive impulses to sweep them into conduct rejected by their habitual code, they will suffer severely, quite apart from any material penalty or excuse in mitigating circumstances. Most critics of the book recognized this: but at least one considered that I was condoning "immorality." By an English law, I have no legal defence if anybody chooses to bring an action.

I apologize for quoting my own concerns: but my case is that of every other writer. Nor is the danger confined to artists alone: the Marylebone Corporation Electricity Department could not defend itself if charged with obscenity. It has broken the law, even as 'Sleeveless Errand.' The statement is startling, but it is sober fact. It is a matter of presently current knowledge that there are certain theorists on psychology who not only find, but pride themselves in finding, what many would certainly call obscene significance in such common incidents as walking upstairs. Their disciples pullulate, even nowadays, in the suburbs of the intellectual world. Now, to a certain sect of these believers, it is an axiom that any pillar-like structure must necessarily be a phallic symbol. Some time ago I chanced to read a novel: the writer of it looked from this point of view at the London lamp-post known to all of us. I am not squeamish, but I refrain from quoting. Most of us, to be sure, regard a lamp-post as an object of a severe propriety. But here, visibly, was someone whose "mind was open" to draw from it ideas distinctly "corrupting."

By the logical consequences of the English law, we must, in the interests of public morals, abolish every lamp-post in Hyde Park. We might miss them: but that does not make them legal. Every lamp-post in London is breaking the law of the land. Which are we then to keep—the law or the lamp-posts?

I am, etc.,

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE

### NARROWING THE KING'S ENGLISH

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Bullett's criticism of February 23 I must humbly deprecate any intention of outraging Mr. Bullett or Collins. I submit to Mr. Bullett's ruling in regard to the word "sense," although personally I am of opinion that "feel" is thin and narrow when compared with the Latin word, however modern. I am not one of the followers of the late Duke of Norfolk, who wished to expel with ignominy all Latin words, even in public monuments, in which perhaps there is some abuse of them. In respect of "glimpse" I do not quite agree. Here I have no means of making sure whether "glimpse" is Celtic or Teutonic, but if the latter surely it may be either a noun or verb, on analogy with many such roots. But I join issue with Mr. Bullett on the word "draperies." If he will consult Mr. Bayes he will learn that the Fall of Draperies is an important branch of Figure-Drawing, and a branch that has brought into the language many beautiful words and every correct line of which is beautiful, whether in pristine newness or in rags. The word was used with the Relief of the 'Maenad in Frenzy' in mind. Will Mr. Bullett stand in front of that beautiful work of art at the British Museum and tell me that he cannot feel, see, hear and smell the "swish of flaunting draperies"? If he

cannot, I will cheerfully submit to his strictures; for I can. Draperies are not only hung in rigid folds from a *champignon*. Moreover, I must maintain that April enters somewhat with the step of a virago.

When Mr. Bullett writes "win through" and "get down to his job of work" and "think up some way" it seems to me that he is using inelegant English, but as this is perhaps intended still further to abash the rash competitor, I am moved to explain at least the competitor's standpoint. May Mr. Bullett not have been for a long period hemmed in by the books of his sanctum, and debarred from the pleasure of hearing the swish of draperies, and momentarily have allowed his outlook to become narrowed? Please excuse these lines, but the heading of this letter is to me a very vital matter.

I am, etc.,  
"NULLUS"

#### STONEHENGE

SIR,—A last appeal is now being made for the Stonehenge Protection Fund. The purpose of this fund is to buy the land which surrounds Stonehenge and hand it over to the National Trust in order to restore and preserve the "amenities" of the stones. The original appeal was issued in the summer of 1927 for £31,000, the price of three plots of ground amounting in all to 1,444 acres. Two of these plots have been purchased, thanks to the generosity of the public, for £16,000. The third plot, which is equally vital to the scheme, will cost another £15,000. If the fund can be completed £1,500 has been promised by an anonymous donor, but so far only £3,255 has been received. £9,245 is therefore urgently required. No one who remembers Stonehenge as it was thirty years ago and who knows it as it is now can fail to appreciate how important an achievement it would be if, through the success of this effort, the former character of the place could be restored and preserved in its ancient state for perpetuity.

Contributions sent to the National Trust at 7 Buckingham Palace Gardens will be gratefully acknowledged.

I am, etc.,

S. H. HAMER,  
Secretary.

*The National Trust for Places  
of Historic Interest or Natural  
Beauty, 7 Buckingham Palace  
Gardens, S.W.1*

#### BISHOP WILBERFORCE OF CHICHESTER

SIR,—In the 'Comedy of Westminster' (March 9) one of the minor comedians, an old favourite whom I was glad to see on the boards again, seems to be appearing under an alias. The Wilberforce family includes so many well-known "artistes" that the mistake is perhaps natural. Chichester, Winchester, Westminster—it is confusing. All I know is that "Winchester" is the usual title for the character so well-known formerly to the public as "Soapy Sam," and whether he may have appeared during his career at Chichester or not, I like to see him given the more familiar and glorious "Winchester." "Oxford and Winchester" was the full title then; one of his great-grandsons still holds it, not as Bishop, but as scholar; and members of the family rather cling to the combination. One of Soapy Sam's sons was Bishop of Chichester; but it lacks the scholastic and university flavour of Winchester and Oxford; besides I don't think "Soapy Sam" ever was Bishop of Chichester, though, as I say, I am not pressing the point. No doubt he could have been if he had wanted to.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE WINKWORTH  
*Burlington Fine Arts Club,  
17 Savile Row, W.1*

## THE THEATRE BY THE SILVER SEA

By IVOR BROWN

*The Mayor.* By Adelaide Phillips. Royalty Theatre.

THE business of holding up mirrors is an artistic exercise which rarely brings theatrical reward. There are the rare exceptions; even the fell effigy of trench-warfare can, it seems, outrival in appeal the clarion call of a cavalier romance. The chocolate soldier has become the whisky captain; arms and the dram are drawing the town. But such a passion to see life set down through copying paper is desperately uncommon. After all, the people who keep the theatre alive in this country are not the theorists or the scribblers or even the backers, but the folk who give backers some flimsy cause for their investment by paying for their seats. Except in the case of musical pieces and expensive revues these payers are neither the rich nor the poor but the professional, middle-income class. The one thing they never can see (because they do not care to see) is their own way of life. Let Devonshire rustics chew the cud of epigram; let an oafish Corydon, hopelessly impassioned with some impossibly clean and dainty Phyllis, fall backwards into the curds and whey. Let county folk be on view in lounge-halls; let lounge-lizards crawl to their petty lecheries amid Monte Carlist backgrounds. But never, never, never let the suburb be seen on the stage; never be it admitted that "Mon Abri" shelters anything besides a gramophone or that among the aspidistras the human fauna are lurking with drama in their lives.

It is greatly to the credit of Sir Barry Jackson that he endeavours to give us plays of the middle and lower-middle classes. The policy is not likely to be profitable and may eat into the profits hitherto extracted from the Old Devonian Strata of pastoral-comical. With Miss Baker's 'Bert's Girl,' for instance, he made a sally into suburban parlours which the suburbans did not at all appreciate. The tittering gaiety was too truthful to win toleration. In 'The Mayor,' now produced under his management, Miss Phillips shows us life at Westhaven, where local politics centre round the new bandstand on the Promenade and local effort is fearfully recruited over the tea-cups in order to raise money for the new hospital. We see clearly under such guidance as this why the English nation will never tolerate a State supply of hospitals. What would Westhaven do without the appeals, the in-aid-of's, the malice and all the other sweeteners of afternoon-tea which the Voluntary System supplies? They cannot dig, the colonels and the ladies of Westhaven; but to beg they are certainly not ashamed, particularly when charity and crumpets give idle jaws their chance on November afternoons.

Westhaven is one of the cosy headquarters of the Time-killers' Union. Do we sufficiently appreciate the enormous membership of that Union? All along the south coast of England, not to mention the Welsh outposts such as Tenby and such northern citadels of contemplation on half-pay as Scarborough and Southport, the density of the Pensioner colonies is simply terrific. Back from the Kiplingite corners of the earth they come to the little towns whose urgent politics of pier and sewer and hospital have been for years recorded in a great daily under the noble caption 'By the Silver Sea.' The house of Smith informs them on Literature; they have their eighteen holes, their rubber, their spot of whisky, their sleep. Here colonels cluster by the thousand, majors by the myriad—and many of them, it is said, were actually in the army. In the houses discreetly walled, shrubbed and stowed away behind the vulgarities of the Promenade, naval officers keep



station with the junior service and lament the bunkers at the seventeenth. The size of this class is usually totally underestimated. On the occasion of the General Strike, for instance, the Time-killers' Union, which leaped into action with such promptitude and pertinacity, must have staggered the other Unions not only by its adaptability but by the size of its battalions. In parts of England, for instance, the Union has settlements that stretch for mile after mile of villa and bungalow. The whole Torbay area, from Babbacombe to Brixham, or indeed, all Devon from Exmouth to Plymouth, will soon be a depository of the pensioner class in its plus-four phase. The Time-killers' Union should have a keen competition for supremacy among its Surrey, Sussex and Devon branches.

Since the English Theatre is a middle-class institution, here surely should be the occasion of much play-writing. What might not an English Chekhov discover amid these regions in the way of frustration and futility? So might he build a gently pitiful drama of Heartbreak Bungalow or of the house that the Colonel built and couldn't keep up—Overdraft on Burden Hill. The trouble is that, when the Time-killers are put on view, they are usually put, grotesquely, in the pillory. Mr. H. F. Maltby lately had a shot at play-making with the collapsed gentry of the caravan-towns and railway-carriage hutments as his theme, but he made burlesque too blatant, and the same is unfortunately true of Miss Phillpott's play of Westhaven. She is satirizing the snobbery and the scandal-mongering of the women-folk. There is Mrs. Barton-Abbott, richly played by Miss Isabel Thornton, who gushes and gabbles and fusses, like a cackling hen, amid the chicks of charity. There is Miss Beck, O.B.E., the life and soul of the Hospital Campaign, a robust lady who can organize everything but her own appearance. Miss Eileen Beldon impersonates this Gorgon with the liveliest cultivation of the creature's greasy gusto and unsightly energy. But as the dragons come out from their various caves and the mannerless young hand tea and cake to the mouldering elders, we feel that we are being whisked away from the real Westhaven to the brisk nonsense-land of vaudeville and even of pantomime. There is no need for the honours list to announce Miss Beck a Dame. The dramatist has made her one already—of the Twankey class.

There is a story running through three acts, each of which actually portrays a tea-party in the same drawing-room. No doubt this monotony is not mere lack of invention. Presumably Miss Phillpotts would have us believe that at Westhaven tea is always on the table and that Miss Whitehead is always the hostess. But the point is scarcely worth making, and the resulting monotony is a serious handicap to the play. Nor is the story much of a help. First we see the tea-party waiting to receive the new Mayor in order to have his support for the New Hospital Fund. The Mayor, Mr. Bowden, is a self-made and shy potentate who adds the indefinable charm to the invisible soap of the draper's floor-walker. But the Mayoral chain restrains a ravening beast and a tiger is wrapped even in this frock-coat. When Admiral Sir James Copley-Trenchard opposes the Hospital Fund with a sea-dog's freedom of speech, His Worship, after long provocation, ups and taps the sea-dog with Miss Whitehead's cake-knife, which mild assault provokes a fatal seizure. The Mayor is packed off to a mental home, and the tea-cups rattle to an even more feverish music of scandal. However, he is released, comes back to fight better for his hospital, and Miss Whitehead marries a Colonel who has been persistent and punctual on her tea-cup parades. I could see little point in the story; what mattered was the survey of English life in the Westhaven mirror and the mirror, unfortunately, was of the kind common in Fun Cities and gave such a leer of distortion to the assembled members of the Time-killers' Union that I ultimately lost interest,

though greatly pleased at first to meet a middle-class play. But on this point my view will certainly not be the common one. Most playgoers like their points underlined and megaphoned. For instance, I thought that the commercial traveller in 'Bird in Hand' was a pure figure of the music-hall, an opinion not shared by the public, which will, I trust, find greater entertainment in Miss Phillpotts's Westhaven than I did. During the first act I was firmly held by the players, but the lack of development in the play dispelled my enthusiasm. The acting, produced by Mr. H. K. Ayliff, has some good features; I thought that Miss Margery Bryce hit off the right, nervous gentility as the choleric Admiral's wife, and that Mr. William Heilbronn, Miss Lucie Evelyn and Miss Eileen Shand made up a right good mayoral family. Miss Cicely Oates, as the fluttering spinster-hostess, was admirably in the picture and never became the caricature that was elsewhere so much on view; she indeed presented the true domesticity of life behind the Boarding-house Belt that has the first outlook on the Silver Sea.

## MUSIC

### CURIOSITIES OF THE CONCERT HALL

WHEN, some years ago, Herr Hermann Abendroth was first imported from Berlin by Mr. Lionel Powell, he was received by the majority of London critics with the politeness, indeed, which is due to a stranger, but hardly with the cordiality which might encourage him to become anything more than a stranger. Yet for some seasons past the London Symphony Orchestra, for whom also Mr. Powell acts, have engaged Herr Abendroth to conduct at their concerts. Now the curious thing is not the fact of these engagements, but the fact that Mr. Powell and the London Symphony Orchestra have, from their own point of view, turned out to be right. Last Monday evening Herr Abendroth conducted three symphonies by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and there gathered in the Queen's Hall an audience such as is rarely seen except when Mr. Coates is conducting Wagner. Now this is worthy of a little examination. Here is a conductor whose performances are as little musical as it is possible to imagine—by which I mean that the things he asks the orchestra to do have no relation to the inner thought of the music—but who, none the less, attracts a large audience and wins rapturous applause. Let me, before attempting to explain this anomaly, substantiate with concrete instances my opinion of Herr Abendroth's interpretation of the classics.

In the first place, then, he exaggerated the sentiment of the slow movement of Haydn's G major Symphony from the Paris set by his heavy and portentous manner, as if he wished it to sound like Brahms, as conducted by himself—which, we know from experience, is not quite the same thing as Brahms. In the 'Trio' of the same work, a charming *Musette* of the utmost simplicity, he slowed down the pace and deprived it of all the "elegant carelessness" which the programme-note attributed to it. It might have been written by a pupil of Gounod in a moment of sentimental rapture. Exactly the same method was adopted in the corresponding sections of Mozart's G minor Symphony—and oh, the treacle which Herr Abendroth managed to exude over the first movement!—and of Beethoven's seventh. Indeed, by the time he reached this last work, one knew exactly what Herr Abendroth would do in any given bar, that where the composer wrote *piano* he would demand a *pianissimo*, that he would reinforce a *forte* till it split the head, that an

*Allegretto* would be too slow, *Allegro* too fast. But stay, he did give us one surprise when he delayed the entry of the *Vivace* of Beethoven's first movement for some twenty-four bars, taking those bars at a moderate speed which gradually gathered impetus—a trick, and the trick of an unmusical mind, which one has heard Herr Abendroth play upon the 'Freischütz' Overture, the *finale* of Brahms's first Symphony, etc., etc., etc. So it was not really a surprise.

Why, then, if he is so poor a musician, this apparent popularity? I can only answer that question at the expense of the audience's esteem. These two thousand odd people come to the Queen's Hall presumably to enjoy some music, but they do not wish to have to exercise their minds in the process. They are quite content to adopt an attitude of passive receptivity, and in that mood they need to have things pointed out to them and shouted in their ears. If Mozart writes a lovely melody, it must be dangled and dawdled over for them, so that their attention may be called to its beauty, which, to the thinking of musical minds, is destroyed in the process. If Beethoven suddenly frowns, he must also thump the table and make a noisy clatter, to awaken lethargic minds to the fact that they are in the presence of a great man, whom the less sleepy will perceive to be, when thus portrayed, merely petulant and ill-mannered. Little they care about the finer subtleties, the shades of tenderness, the grand nobilities. Still less about the larger proportions of that carefully balanced structure which is a great Symphony. They want nice, juicy bits and pieces, and these Herr Abendroth infallibly dishes up from bar to bar. They want their thinking done for them, and he does it with thoroughness and efficiency.

Let us glance for a moment at another side of the picture. Here is Mr. Gerald Cooper, who, after years of hard work in building up good programmes, collecting good (and often superlative) musicians to play them, and presenting them to the public at very moderate prices, cannot gather even the few hundred persons requisite to fill the Æolian Hall. One would have thought that there were sufficient people in London who would be interested enough to hear the quartets of Schubert and the quintets of Mozart, to say nothing of a great pianist, a fine singer and one of the best violinists of the day, to ensure that his concerts would be oversubscribed at three or four pounds for the series of twelve. But no. One says: "Perhaps I shall not be free on Tuesday week"; another: "I don't much care for Kodály"; another: "Who are the Skraczenspitz Quartet anyway?" So the only occasion on which these concerts have attracted a full house was when Herr Schnabel played. The popularity of Herr Schnabel is, indeed, a strange phenomenon when placed beside that of Herr Abendroth, for this pianist has, above any other I know, the genuinely musical mind, and he has never resorted to any of the fashionable stunts of publicity to attract attention to himself. If people turn up to listen to him, well and good; if not, he will play just the same, for the sake of the music. It is greatly to the credit of the English public that they have recognized the greatness of Herr Schnabel, and the fact is some compensation for one's despair at the no less remarkable enthusiasm shown by another section of that public for the wrong thing. One only wishes that they would also bring themselves to perceive good music when it is presented to them with perhaps less conspicuous excellence of performance.

H.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.

## ART

### THE PERILS OF REPUTATION

By WALTER BAYES

Henry Lamb Exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

MR. LAMB'S work, as it is being shown at the Leicester Galleries, will puzzle those who know this artist mainly by repute—puzzle them by being so little puzzling. And there must be a considerable section of the public in this position, because, while Mr. Lamb has for a long time shown very little in the way of important work, he has nevertheless been and remained a public character in that small artistic world where talk begets opinion, opinions create reputation, and reputations (alas, that the decorum of the SATURDAY REVIEW forbids the use of graduated type) influence Price. Within that somewhat artificial world facts play a restricted part, and conceivably, by the accidental stressing of this or that anecdote, a public character may be in some degree fictitious, but any time in the last twenty years there has been a fairly defined Lamb legend. The well-informed journalist drawing up a list of the dozen outstanding artists in this country would include, in some degree, on the strength of that legend, Henry Lamb.

I am assuming a certain professional indifference to the niceties of the language, for "outstanding" is wrong. Never, according to the legend, was artist more retiring. He shared with Mr. Charles Ricketts the good fortune of becoming famous—for his obscurity. Vanishing from time to time from human ken to work in secrecy, he had the formidable uncertainty of the "dark horse." Exclusive, vividly resentful of clumsy if well-meaning advances, he frequently provoked in others an inferiority complex under the shadow of which they stigmatized him as "precious." Yet he had been known (and here I can offer legend a personal endorsement) as the generous champion of a few contemporaries—Messrs. John, Spencer Gore, Wyndham Lewis, Stanley Spencer—who appealed to his somewhat fastidious taste, and the rarity as well as the aptness of these admirations confirmed his distinction: his esoteric position, his superiority to obvious standards.

Expectations pitched in the key of this Lamb legend will receive a rude shock at the Leicester Galleries, and this quite as much in the case of those who have imbibed that legend at second-hand as in those who contributed here and there a stave to its making; the later arrivals will say we have deceived them. It is not that there is no capacity shown in the exhibition, but it is of so obvious a kind. The tone of cheerful optimism in which it is pitched is so incongruous to their expectations. We see a portrait painter with the knack of getting a likeness, with a direct, confident stroke—too confident sometimes—which recalls the manner of Sargent. The 'Study of a Boy' (24) is quite amusingly like a childish 'Coventry Patmore.' Sargent again is recalled in the fluent painting of many of the women's portraits, with the difference that Sargent is usually black with occasional passages of good colour; Mr. Lamb tends, on the other hand, to be over-coloured and cloying. Occasionally, as in No. 35, 'Spring in the Marshes,' the sugared theme takes on beauty by its suitability, its truth to the captured moment. As a rule the landscapes lack depth and subtlety, though it may be truthfully claimed that they are entirely free from the affectations of the up-to-date poses for which our public would say they were perhaps prepared in the work of this frequenter of the best circles. His composition (4) (of a level crossing) is a capable drawing, easy and well organized; its orchestration in paint (50) adds



nothing to it structurally, and misses its business-like narrative character.

I must not conclude with the air of having wished to prick the bubble of a reputation which had no foundation in solid work. That is far from being the case, and I have small opinion of critics who cannot recall the value of pictures done ten or twenty years back, or who, debarred by youth from remembering them, fail to recognize that such pictures have as much historic importance as those of any other period. Mr. Lamb painted about 1910-11 some admirable studies of Breton life which established him as a very thoughtful painter. His War Museum picture, if not a very fine design, showed the power (which is not often found to-day) of carrying through an elaborate scheme with no flagging in the execution, while another war picture, shown at the Academy—a dressing station at Macedonia—was an admirable composition, the figures and the landscape really coherent and one. As his contemporary, Mr. John, became increasingly either a brilliant sketcher or a professional portrait painter, it was natural for some of us to hope that here in the dark horse was perhaps the winner with the staying power. That hope is certainly not realized in the present exhibition, but the end is not yet. It may be that he kept better artistic company formerly than he does now—or perhaps he is his own best company, and that solitude is the condition for him of thoughtful work. As for the public who are disappointed at not getting something very recondite, why, if they will listen to legend, that is their affair; if they had looked instead at Mr. Lamb's pictures they might have known him for an artist of conservative impulses. That from time to time he should have had an almost exaggerated admiration for those who made small innovations is rather typical of such an artist than otherwise. A wall is high that we cannot see over.

## BROADCASTING

*Below will be found the first of a series of weekly notes devoted to constructive criticism of Broadcasting programmes.*

THE art of broadcasting is both novel and new. Its novelty attracts an immense number of enthusiastic practitioners, people who see in it an outlet for immediate expression of their ideas. The B.B.C. is in possession of a great asset in the opportunities it can afford for experiment in fresh methods, and it would be carping criticism indeed to turn down these interesting endeavours. The B.B.C. will serve the public best by continuing its present policy of energetic enquiry into all possible ways and means of increasing the scope of broadcasting as an art. Not many months ago I had occasion to read through a number of foreign periodicals dealing with matters chiefly musical, and was struck with the high opinion that the Continent has of our broadcasting. Foreign listeners are mainly struck by the variety of our programmes, which means, of course, that it is precisely this peculiar quality in the programmes, caused by the perpetual inventiveness of the B.B.C. staff, that differentiates us from other countries and interests the intelligent foreign listener.

The art is also a new one, and this is a point that seems to be frequently overlooked by the generality of listeners-in. In the comparatively few years in which broadcasting has been seriously dealt with there has been little time to do more than survey the ground. That there is a definite art of broadcasting, as personal and original as that of any of the other arts, used subsidiarily by the microphone, there can be no doubt. Unquestionably the most helpful attitude the listener can take up is that of intelligent

interest (mingled with patience) in regard to the attempts which are being made to understand and use this strange new medium. Only by going on along those lines will the B.B.C. be able to reach its goal—which I take to be the discovery of some means of expressing things in a way that no other art can compass.

How new an art this is the performance of d'Annunzio's 'Francesca da Rimini' plainly showed. Two things struck me. First, the stage directions or descriptions of a character's movements, etc., which have to be included to an indefinable extent in a broadcast play, interrupted the flow of this one. To hear a voice, as warm and human as that of the characters themselves, telling us what is going on upon the stage, and then to be taken back again into the play itself, is disturbing. The difficulty could be ended by making the narrator speak his asides in a strictly megaphonic voice, or on a drone-like (though still pleasant-sounding) monotone. The other fact that I found troublesome was the music, which hindered where it might have helped the listener from meeting the producer half-way in his attempt to create atmosphere away from the stage. For this music was oddly out of place. It smacked of a twenty-year-old Shakespearean production. The battle scene was supported, though hardly enhanced, by the orchestra making sounds more evocative of some German opera house. The Malatesta family, hard-bitten marauders as they were, would have been amazed at such noises. The whole thing could have been done much more simply. A couple of the old high-pitched trumpets, giving forth an occasional strident challenge, and some kettle-drums would have secured the right background instantaneously.

While on the subject of music at the B.B.C. I must add a word of gratitude for the periodic broadcasting of the church cantatas of Bach. From many sides there come pleasant remarks on this. It is one of the activities of the music department which has greater appreciation than it perhaps realized. The works themselves are of such transcendent worth that a weekly hearing of them is something not lightly to be missed.

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—159

SET BY DILSTON RADCLIFFE

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem, not longer than twenty lines, describing the onset and acme of a fit of laughter. The reason for it need not be specified.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a letter from X to a relative, thanking her for sending him for Easter (quite inadvertently) the self-same object he had sent her for last Easter.*

### RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 159A, or LITERARY 159B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, March 25. The results will be announced in the issue of March 30.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 157

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a rhymed poem on 'The Frost of February, 1929.' The poem must not exceed twenty-four lines in length.*

B. *There are rumours that the pun is about to come into fashion once more. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best essay entitled 'In Defence of the Pun.' Competitors are limited to three hundred words.*

#### REPORT FROM MR. POPE

157A. I was, frankly, agreeably surprised at the number of entries for this competition. Whatever havoc the great frost of February, 1929, may have wrought, it has certainly neither repressed the noble rage of our poets nor frozen the genial current of their souls. The majority of competitors appeared to regard the subject as one calculated to evoke an outburst of boisterous hilarity—we are a cheerful race—while others resolutely refused to regard it as a joke. Sympathetically, I range myself with the latter class. At the same time, I am bound to pay a tribute of admiration to the verbal dexterity of Pibwob and to the courage of the competitor who penned the following stanza:

I sing the Plumber and his mate,  
I sing of them with zest,  
Who, come they soon, or come they late,  
Give ever of their best.

After some hesitation I have decided to recommend Valimus for the First Prize, the hesitation being entirely due to the fact that the Great Frost was not so much the theme as the inspiration of his admirable poem. I have no hesitation whatever in recommending Mrs. Alice Herbert for the Second Prize.

#### FIRST PRIZE

All night the wizard frost, without a sound,  
On field and pond had cast his ancient spell;  
And silent on that dim enchanted ground  
The stark and ghostly trees stood sentinel.

It will be long, I thought, before we say  
(Quietly with the fleeting years grown old)  
"Since we were young, on such and such a day  
In Twenty-nine, it has not been so cold."

But then, my wealth of thirty summers lost,  
I shall not grieve, made suddenly aware  
How thirty passing winters left their frost  
Strewn on the golden tumult of your hair.

VALIMUS

#### SECOND PRIZE

You turned the slothful comfort of our living  
To fellowship in ignominious need;  
Grotesque indeed, the lesson of your giving!  
We groaned, laughed, helped and pitied—and gave heed.  
You set light feet to skim your frozen waters;  
You wore the north wind like a bandit's knife;  
You leapt beside our laughing lads and daughters,  
And shouted "I am vigour, I am Life!"  
You crept into the barred and bolted dwelling;  
We knew you by the menace of your breath...  
We knew before the terror of your telling  
The thing that you would whisper—"I am death!"

ALICE HERBERT

157B. The setter of a literary competition cannot, it seems, have it both ways. With one or two exceptions, the entries for this section were as disappointing as

those for a poem on the Frost of February were gratifying. There was a vast display of erudition but very little wit. Many of the competitors packed their essays with puns—which was the last thing I wanted, although I have been forced to award a prize to a punster. Some capable work was done by Mrs. Alice Herbert, Pantarei—who, apart from a tendency to sententiousness, was responsible for one of the best essays submitted—Muriel L. Malvern and Non Omnia, and I may fairly congratulate the competitor who described the pun as "the scullery-maid of humour," though "the scullery-maid of wit" would perhaps be nearer the mark. I suggest that the First Prize be awarded to H. P. Dixon and the Second to Pibwob, whose puns are beyond belief.

#### FIRST PRIZE

The funeral march of a recently deceased marionette is again audible. The music, it appears, was only an inverted patrol and the Pun, borne shoulder high by her faithful court jesters, is on her way back to town. "She was not dead, sir," her agent told me to-day, "it was merely her positively last appearance." "Well," I replied, "I am glad to hear it." "Yes, sir," he added, with a shake of the head, "it would have been a grave matter if she had really gone." I eyed the fellow wrathfully. My instinct was to give him Long Melford, but something prompted me to glance again at his face. "Good heavens," I cried, "if it's not old Quipp! How the devil are you?" And off we went to Veglio's, where I begged him to tell me some inside history.

"Well, you see, sir," he said, "we have always been necessary in order to step in when the sublime gets too ridiculous. They really cannot do without us. They become morbid. We all spring from the original stock of Comic Relief, you know, and we have always had an honourable place in Tragedy. But it was from the drawing-rooms, the cafés and the streets that they hounded us. I ask you, sir, in an unintelligible world, is not serious discourse a tragedy? As purveyors of comic relief, then, by what right were we excluded from polite society? We kept it from brooding, sir; we diverted attention at awkward moments, exposed spiritual pride and helped the poet to glance occasionally from heaven to earth. Believe me, sir, we are of very old stock. We advised Solomon to give up metaphysics and concentrate on worldly wisdom; and that, in brief, sir, is our mission for all time."

H. P. DIXON

#### SECOND PRIZE

"The lowest form of wit,"—such is the pundit's *on dit*. He acknowledges, to wit, that it puts salt on a tale, but he has no relish for the source, however piquant.

Now, nothing can be a loser by what adds savour, and though where (as here) a peppering of puns mustered to the assault mars a piece by unseasonable over-pungency, a temperate recourse to them refines writing without wronging taste. A pun will give a sentence's start point and brighten a weak end. It will make a limp phrase leap, a buried meaning vault, a humdrum passage beat a tattoo. It will arouse interest, ever a sound principle. Even if it is your victim's *bête noir*—his white elephant—better that he should shake his head than nod.

Though the best little ones are often fatherless, like the most tuneful airs, some can be traced to their smiling sires. Foote punned himself to the goal of fame, and though his handling was not always dextrous, he left some right good stuff. We may take off our hats to Hood, who capped all predecessors in this respect. The pun-makers, who were lions and drove a roaring trade in the days of Victoria, met their Waterloo in Edward's time, when they Euston't to Clapham. Now they rally: not, we hope to trail their cloaks in the mud, but putting on habits to suit the times.

Amateurs in prose need not be averse from punning. Nor is the poet barred. Does not Shakespeare show that a play on words is often bred of adversity and meet for tragedy? He was no banner of puns; his standard was high, nor did his invention flag. Even in almighty dolour he, from his coign of vantage, uttered what is still currency from his mint.

PIBWOB



## BACK NUMBERS—CXVI

MORLEY cannot be regarded as a typical *Saturday Reviewer*, but it is to be remembered that the original group included men more nearly akin to him than those who are regarded as typical. His association with the paper did not last very long, and except for the notorious onslaught on the first 'Poems and Ballads' the work he did for it is not of much importance in the history of the *SATURDAY*. A selection of his articles he reprinted as 'Social Characteristics,' the rest, though they are the work of a man of letters, may well be left in the files. The question is not of his early journalism but of what he achieved in maturity.

\* \* \*

Now it may be a disgraceful confession, but I have never felt drawn to reperusal of any book by Morley. Of course, like every journalist of my generation, I have occasion to revisit some of his work for a fact or an opinion, but never have I felt personal inclination to read one a second time. And it seems to me that, with all its merits, it is literature of that kind in which nothing essential is done. There is wide knowledge in it, there are good museum specimens of Victorian Liberal opinions, there is purpose, there is dignity, and much else to respect. It is never trivial or tedious. There are so many things that would tell greatly if the essential merit was there; but the effect, at any rate on one reader, is that of commerce with a mind which is not strictly the mind of an artist in literature.

\* \* \*

I may be altogether mistaken about Morley, and anyone who thinks so is welcome to substitute another name for his, but that type of writer has always existed and in the Victorian era had more than is due to it. It is the privilege and curse of literature that it uses, without obvious transformation, a greater variety of material than any other art, but the question whether there has or has not been transformation is vital. If the facts and the opinions, in the writer's use of them, retain only their independent value, if they have not acquired a value which makes the question of their accuracy something of an impertinence, the book may be useful, interesting, what not, but it is not in the intimate sense literature.

\* \* \*

In Morley, so far as I can recollect, there was never that power of making a thing valuable simply by its place in the pattern, its contribution to an effect in which the worth of the thing when abstracted from the work of art is an issue more or less negligible. I have been looking at some remarks of his about Carlyle, but whether Carlyle was right about this or that historical character is about as relevant, when we are discussing literature, as the debate, in an examination of a poem about fairies, over the existence of fairies. In Carlyle, and I say it as no worshipper of his, the essential thing is done almost always. There is, certainly, much to set against the achievement. But we can subtract from a plus quantity, and have something left, whereas in the other case we are reduced to adding to a fatal minus.

\* \* \*

In his thoroughly interesting reminiscences Morley tells us a good deal of his reading, and the journalist in what Mr. Robert Bridges would call "his hasty

days" can but feel illiterate. Everyone knows that when he edited a great monthly review he secured for it virtually every notable writer in England. But still one is left wondering whether what drew him to literature was precisely what makes it literature. There is so much else in some of the very greatest of writers, as innumerable commentators on Shakespeare and on Dante have dreadfully proved to us.

\* \* \*

And in truth to learn that a man loves such writers is not much more illuminating than to learn that he loves Europe. They are so great that they contain something for everyone. In a way, it is more informing to hear what a man thinks of some of the minors, in whom there is nothing, or next to nothing, beyond the strictly literary appeal. Indeed, I would argue that an exclusive enthusiasm for the greatest writers raises suspicion that the enthusiast is not deeply interested in literature as such.

\* \* \*

What I miss in Morley's literary judgments, usually sound and often acute, is that kind of sensibility which will cause a man to tingle to the provocation of a gipsy face when his betters are seriously agreeing about the beauty of a woman destined to look in time like the pattern of her sex. Piquancy, vagabond charm, unlawful attraction seem to have left him unmoved, and I protest that an occasional surrender to the not quite legitimate in art is a guarantee of a perfect appreciation of the lawful. But let me be fair. Morley was writing criticism of very nearly the first order when he described Machiavelli—"He uses few of our loud, easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant and he is never surprised."

\* \* \*

But is it not significant that he should attain to his best in criticism in dealing with a writer on statesmanship? There, no doubt, was his true business, in bringing to the problems of his day a mind acquainted with the best and the worst that had been thought of the problems of other days. Of Morley's work as statesman this is not the place to attempt an estimate; but it is pertinent to say that his capacity to see questions under aspects other than those of the moment was at times of real national benefit, and that it was acquired through his literary studies.

\* \* \*

It will be an evil day for the country and the Empire when politicians are merely what are called practical men, a term defining those who know nothing of the practice of other ages. The breadth, the suppleness, the wise disillusionment which the student of literature and of history gain are things needed in public life. To have read much is usually to have learned that perfectionism is a folly, and to have been a journalist is to have learned that a crisis is rarely as terrible as it seems at the moment. Morley was not the worse as a statesman for the time he had given to literature and journalism; he would have been the better for a more intimate feeling for literature. But at least, though I do not think he anywhere quoted the words, he was sometimes aware of what Rossetti called "the momentary momentousness" of politics.

STET.

## REVIEWS

## ENIGMA

By T. EARLE WELBY

*John Donne: Complete Poetry and Selected Prose.* Edited by John Hayward. Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.

IN writing here some weeks ago of Meredith, I said that he, Browning and Donne were the three great malcontents of English poetry. The reference then was only to their discontent with their art. But in dealing, however cursorily, with Donne it is impossible not to emphasize his discontent with life, with the life of the senses and the life of the spirit. In the cases of others who have found religion after a youth of profligacy and scepticism, it is not difficult to follow the process and define the eventual position. We know, for a pertinent and roughly contemporary example, just where George Herbert stood. He came to regard himself as a brand plucked from the burning, but he retained a vivid sense of the beauty of the flames, and could write:

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,  
The lullings and the relishes of it;  
The propositions of hot blood and brains;  
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit  
Have done these twenty hundred years and more.

Donne knew, with a more dreadful knowledge, "the ways of pleasure," but it is not with that serenity, almost piety towards experience, that he writes of them in retrospect:

Thou that wouldst not admit the beams of the sun upon  
thy skin, and yet admitted the spirit of lust . . . must be  
the food of worms. . . But in the grave canst thou make  
these worms silk worms?

Carnality is not transcended, and looked back upon with the saint's serenity and the artist's appreciation; it survives, it is even intensified in those terrible sermons which depict, with shuddering and gloating, the final ignominy of the body.

Here is no case of a predestined saint for whom God is *Deus absconditus*, and who, in eventually finding Him, finds himself, and is at peace. Always he has been divided against himself, and he remains so to the end. Take him in his worldly period. He writes then a poetry of love as sexless as 'Epipsychidion,' and much more significantly so; he writes, too, the most minutely truthful poetry of lust that we have in the language. *Odi et amo*: but where is there a poem of love turned to hate comparable with:

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,  
And that thou think'st thee free  
From all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see . . .

It is this love poet who, with absolute sincerity, bids lovers "forget the he and she," and then, with the same sincerity, writes:

Whoever loves, if he do not propose  
The right true end of love, he's one that goes  
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.

But take him as Dean of St. Paul's and, less obviously but as truly, there is the contradiction. The religious poems sometimes, the sermons oftener, give us the like contrast. He would apprehend God by that violence which, we are told, the Kingdom of Heaven suffers, by stratagems comparable to those of the amorist, by an act of the imagination, by the exercise of medieval logic; he glories in the incapacity of the human mind to grasp the infinite, and next moment would convey the Deity to his audience in a narrow epigram. He seems to believe in immortality

chiefly for the edge such a belief gives to the corruption of what is not immortal.

His sermons are full of menace; yet it is he who wrote that sentence which may be supposed to be richer in assurance of God's mercy than any ever uttered from a pulpit:

If some king of the earth have so large an extent of dominion, in north and south, as that he hath winter and summer together in his dominions, so large an extent, east and west, as that he hath day and night together in his dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgment together: He brought light out of darkness, not out of a lesser light; He can bring thy summer out of winter, though thou have no spring: though in the ways of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintered and frozen, clouded and eclipsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupefied till now,—now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the sun at noon to illustrate all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest to fill all penuries: all occasions invite His mercies, and all times are His seasons.

But we have hardly read again that sentence, which to me has long seemed in its kind the greatest sentence in the language, than we, or such of us as may be familiar with Donne's prose, remember the dreadfulness of:

This is the *Anathema Maranatha*, accursed till the Lord come; and when the Lord cometh, He cometh not to reverse, nor to alleviate, but to ratify and aggravate that curse.

An enigmatic personality, a poet incidentally, one of those to whom poetry was but an instrument, to be used and dropped as occasion arose. He is, sexually and spiritually, among the most passionate of our poets, and yet, if one considers him closely, one becomes aware of a certain contempt of passion, arising out of pride in his prose intellect. The prose power in him alternately helps and hinders the poet, and in the profundity of his discontent he will not condescend to pretence of a reconciliation between two petty activities in a world in which everything clashes.

A very difficult writer, certainly; made a little less difficult for us by Professor Grierson, now by Mr. Hayward, who, without servility, has very rightly followed the text of Professor Grierson, and made accessible in an appropriate form, and at a very modest price, by the admirable enterprise of the Nonesuch Press. This is one of the most intelligently and self-effacingly edited books I have ever met.

Naturally, the notes are severely confined to bibliographical and textual matters, and the formidable task of explaining Donne is not attempted by Mr. Hayward. Nor will it here be attempted by me. But there is one idea which I will put forward with diffidence. In unholy knowledge of love there is perhaps but one English poet to be ranked with Donne, and that poet is Coventry Patmore. Now Patmore was also a deeply religious man and poet. Due allowance being made for obvious enough differences, the cases seem comparable; and I think we may usefully speculate on what would have happened to Donne if he had seized on the doctrine whereby every impulse was reconciled in Patmore.

And yet perhaps such speculation is vitiated by ignoring the wit, in the old sense, in Donne. With that faculty so tirelessly at work, could anything have brought him peace? Could anything have prevented him from teasing his own thoughts, analysing his emotions to excess? Where Donne is concerned, one always ends with a question. Sir Edmund Gosse produced a very useful and suggestive pioneer work, and since then many scholars have studied the problem of Donne, but there is nothing like a final critical biography, and it is extremely unlikely that there ever will be. To note only one difficulty, how can we expect a writer on him to be equally interested in his poetry and his theology, especially since that theology is more than a little medieval and to a modern mind often barely intelligible?



## RAMBLES AND REFLECTIONS

*On the Edge of Diplomacy.* By J. D. Gregory. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE sub-title of Mr. Gregory's amusing volume of *Memoirs* is 'Rambles and Reflections,' and although his comments on diplomatic life are clever and apposite the rambles are the better part of his entertainment. Mr. Gregory can tell a good story in the way it should be told. His descriptions both of places and events are excellent, and his little character sketches of men like Lord Curzon and Sir Eyre Crowe are masterpieces of their kind. As long as he continues to recount his experiences and his adventures in that light, good-humoured and slightly cynical style which he has adopted with considerable success he is eminently readable. When he philosophizes on the origin and ethics of Bolshevism, he becomes both prolix and unconvincing.

During his career as a diplomat Mr. Gregory had many varied experiences. There is an excellent picture of Viennese Court life in pre-war days with a by no means flattering portrait of the Emperor Franz Josef. Perhaps he was not quite so stupid as Mr. Gregory makes out, although the story of his asking each member of the Embassy staff in turn "Where were you born?" and receiving the same answer, "In the Isle of Wight" (because it was the only place in England he knew) is too good to have been invented. During his short stay in Rumania, where he was Chargé d'Affaires for some months, Mr. Gregory made friends with Carmen Sylva, and his sketch of her is one of the best things in his book.

With the exception of two short but interesting missions to the Vatican and to Bulgaria during the war, the rest of Mr. Gregory's official career was spent in the Foreign Office. Naturally, as head of the Russian Department he has much to say about our relations with the Bolsheviks. If his dissertation on Bolshevism is disappointing, his chapter on the Zinovieff letter and on his tussle with M. Rakovsky (whom he seems to have liked) is highly entertaining. Indeed, in the whole history of diplomacy there can rarely have been anything so ludicrous as his attempt to make the Bolshevik Ambassador take back a Note which the British Government had declined to accept. There is also an amusing account of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's luncheon to the Bolshevik Delegation—a kind of Mad Hatter's party at which M. Rakovsky and Mr. Gregory tried in vain to prevent one of the Bolshevik delegates from getting drunk on beer and vodka.

Full justice is done to Sir Eyre Crowe, that "queer figure dressed all wrong in a long coat fashionable only in the 'eighties, with its lined, rugged face crowned by flaming hair under an ancient borsalino hat." *Pace* Mr. Arnold Bennett, Crowe was a man who killed himself through overwork. No one who had ever worked under him would think of denying that he was one of the greatest Civil Servants England ever had. The picture of Lord Curzon giving the whole of the Foreign Office, from the Private Secretary down to the door-keeper, a lesson on how to pull a blind down is one that no one should miss. It shows that remarkable man in an entirely new light.

Mr. Gregory's comments on the inner workings of diplomacy are guarded. He points out that the telegraph wire has destroyed the romance of a diplomat's life abroad, but maintains—probably with justification—that the Foreign Office to-day is a more intelligent and human institution than the Foreign Office of pre-war days. He is kind to his colleagues, and those who search his book for scandals or

revelations will look in vain. His own political views are kept well in the background, although every now and then one can see his Roman Catholic sympathies peeping out. He is, however, surprisingly tolerant towards the Bolsheviks, and, so far from his having conspired to produce the Zinovieff letter, one gathers that he has always been in favour of an understanding with the Bolsheviks. This is an entertaining and thoroughly readable book which should have sufficient success to induce Mr. Gregory to draw on his abundant material for a second volume.

## ONE-INCH MAPS

*Maps of England and Wales.* Popular Edition. Third Revision. Sheets 1-146. Mounted and folded. Ordnance Survey. 2s. 6d. each.

*Maps of Scotland.* Popular Edition. Third Revision. Sheets 1-92. Mounted and folded. Ordnance Survey. 3s. each.

PUBLISHERS consider their sales if not the public's convenience, and allow few books of general interest to be published unannounced and uncriticized. The Ordnance Survey act differently and Mahomet must come to their mountain.

The third revision of the one-inch maps of Great Britain, begun in 1913, went on in England and Wales till 1925 and on the mainland of Scotland till 1928. The sheets were published singly, or perhaps in groups; none, we believe, before 1919 and all, we are sure, with discretion. The whole edition of two hundred and thirty-six separate sheets should now be in circulation, but of the fifty northern Scottish maps due for publication in 1928 only seven are so far on sale, and it may be 1930 before the third revision is complete. The maps vary, therefore, in the date of the information embodied in them, which ranges over fifteen years, and in the technique of reproduction, held back in England and Wales by the need for uniformity, and exhibiting in Scotland pronounced changes which we propose to discuss. From this it can be seen that we are far from having attained a series of maps which can be used in conjunction with one another. They are all drawn, for the first time, on the same projection and based on the same meridian; they no longer, except in one sheet, create confusion on the Border; they fall in size and technique into two groups—Scotland and the rest of Britain—and these groups are distinguished by separate sets of numbers running from north-west to south-east. But they enclose inside this common framework different points in the history of fifteen eventful years.

In England and Wales the third revision differs quite perceptibly from the second. Apart from the actual alterations in the countryside between 1901 and 1913 there has been a marked advance in the use of symbols and in the representation of heights. The hairy-caterpillar system of hill-marking was discredited even in 1900 but the second revision was undecided about hill-shading and hachuring and definitely unsound in combining these with contours. It is possible that the widespread idea that English hills have flat tops is due to the system of using hundred-foot contours up to a thousand feet and then switching off on to two-hundred-and-fifty-foot contours with nothing to distinguish one from another. The roads and railways in the second revision had an apologetic appearance and the foot-note of symbols was inadequate.

These faults the third revision largely corrects. The roads, the railways, and above all the stations are clearer and the system of fifty-foot contours

adopted only has to be reinforced by symbols on screes and cliffs. The footnote of symbols, still a little undecided whether to include toll-bridges, water-contours and moorland, is almost adequate. The dates and other details are fuller, and the destinations of the better roads going to the larger towns are included. The general faults are the use of characterless styles of type for place-names, the illustration of adjoining sheets by empty numbered squares instead of by numbered squares superimposed on an outline map, the strong tendency of the frequent orange contours to become entangled with roads, especially in passes and valleys where their course is parallel, and in a lack of frankness about those cases in which the scale of the map is deliberately falsified for the sake of clarity, and the contours arrived at by trained intuition rather than exact survey.

The third revision in Scotland represents a higher scale of competence. An economy of some forty sheets combined with a more convenient distribution of the remainder is in itself an achievement. The new maps are larger in size and handsomer in appearance than their English equivalents, and cost sixpence more. The increase in size makes possible an overlap with adjoining sheets, but hesitates on the verge of unwieldiness. The adjoining sheets are clearly shown in combination with an outline map. The symbols are more striking, the roads and railways stand out almost in relief, the inside information about contours "interpolated and only approximately correct" inspires us with gratitude and with a confidence we never felt in the old dogmatic reticence. We suspect from the crude measurement we have done that all roads, Scottish and English, are printed on three times their proper scale and we should have liked to be enlightened, but are not. The destinations given for roads are still only those useful to through motorists who rarely use a one-inch map. It is in the faces of type and the system of contouring that the greatest changes have been made. Types are clearly differentiated on a definite system and the separate types are strikingly bold and legible. Contours are marked at every fifty feet, as in the English maps, but they are emphasized by a thickening of the line every two hundred and fifty feet. The results are arguable. In mountainous country this method introduces an almost startling sense of clarity and relief. In the map of Arran (Sheet 77), for instance, a result of real beauty is obtained. But where a steep slope is combined with crags and flanked by a road, as at Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs (Edinburgh, Sheet 74), the effect is rather one of a very wide third-class road combined with a landslide.

The system is beyond doubt a courageous attempt to solve the problem of representing heights on a flat surface by unaided contouring. It fails to solve it in very steep places, where the contours solidify and convey this emphasized impression of a flat brown surface, and in low and populous areas where a meandering two-fifty-foot contour creates a vague anxiety about the direction of the smaller roads and seems too striking a thing to have a real existence.

We have reviewed these maps in their most serviceable form. They are issued also on paper flat—a style obviously unsuited to outdoor use—and mounted in sections in a manner which renders the judgment of distances peculiarly difficult. This regular series is supplemented by District Maps which remove the inconvenience caused by a town falling on the edge of a sheet, and by Tourist Maps of popular districts and areas that demand treatment on a single map. These are cartographically interesting since they make use of different intervals and colours of contouring; and even of the layer-system; the variations are generally seen to depend for their success, where they achieve it, on peculiar local conditions.

The points of these maps have been perhaps tediously enumerated in default of any adequate publicity by the Ordnance Survey themselves. The leaflets they distribute are hard to obtain and, when obtained, are mean in appearance, garnished with the unappetizing likenesses of obsolete travellers and calculated to appeal to an audience whose existence we gravely doubt. The Ordnance Survey themselves are informative and outstandingly courteous. If they could communicate these qualities they would no longer be a dead weight on their maps.

## HISTORIAN INTO PHILOSOPHER

*Alexander the Great. A Biographical Study by E. Iliff Robson. Cape. 7s. 6d.*

MR. ILIFF ROBSON is stimulating, resolutely bright but perhaps ultimately a trifle muddled. The pundits may assess the precise value of the minutiae of this Alexandrian study but a larger question, that of the nature of history itself, is raised by his opening and concluding remarks. Mr. Iliff Robson essays a scheme of historical relativity and assumes the guise of historian-into-philosopher. Careful inspection reveals the fact that historians differ. In regard to Alexander the suspicion dawned on Mr. Robson that inconsistency existed in Alexander himself: "There was no settled picture of Alexander because there was no settled Alexander," and the conclusion suggested is that the recovery of the true "Alexander in himself" is impossible. In the lighthearted manner of the modern physicist Mr. Robson has gone on to question history itself until he has come "at length to rest in a view which does accept this instability of the 'fact' or the 'factual,' which sees history rather the work of those who are looking on than of those who are acting." He seeks support from and finds comfort in the doctrine of Gentile that history is an act of man's spirit, that the commentary is greater than the text. Thus by gently gliding or abruptly changing from plane to plane we arrive at a muddled scepticism which is the natural result of "contamination." As the point is of some importance and confusion on it is not uncommon, it may be worth while to offer some suggestions.

As the present writer sees it there are two possible confusions and these in their turn can be confused with one another. The first is the confusion of "history" in the sense of an actual study now taking place with "history" as the agreed name for all that is so studied. The second is the confusion between "reality" in history with "reality" philosophically considered. Finally there is the confusion between the reality of the two sorts of history, and of both with philosophical reality. This is not to suggest that all these distinctions will prove ultimately valid but it is to suggest that rather fruitless confusion follows from mixing them up. Lest we seem unfair let us quote Mr. Robson:

"William the Conqueror, 1066"; what does it convey to us? *Expende Hannibalem*, how much is really left? Do we not each make the greater part of our fact, of Hannibal, of William? And the fact, or the character, may as well be before us to-day as in the past; the same holds good. We are "left guessing," but the point is we do not give up, we go on guessing. It is the guesses, after all, that count. The merely objective residue, if indeed it is objective, will not take us far.

No objection is here made to raising the question of the nature and purpose of historical enquiry. But that question is simply of a different order from the questions the historian, as such, is asking. It is not that the historian should not ask them but that he should not ask questions of different orders at the same time, appear sceptical, and then on the last page imply that we have all along really known what the ordinary historian does mean, by saying, as Mr.



Robson does: "Most of all this Alexander, no doubt, really was." The italics are ours. But Mr. Robson can't have it both ways.

Actually—if one may use the word—Mr. Robson's practice is to some extent better than his theory when he is content to drop the rôle of play-boy of the philosophical world. As historian proper Mr. Robson suggests that the so-called facts about Alexander are chiefly derived from "good" traditions, which means Arrian, who used Ptolemaeus, who in turn used the official journals which were perhaps in a measure, consciously or unconsciously, propagandist. This is interesting. But the conclusion reached is that the "real" Alexander recedes from us. We suggest that this is a mistake. The real Alexander, without commas, recedes from us. We don't or should not doubt the reality of Alexander because of the difficulty of discovering it, though of course, for other reasons, we might conceivably come to a similar conclusion.

On another point one can only register disagreement. When Mr. Robson asks, "Shall we say boldly that they are in no way great, who leave behind no positive legacy of human progress?" there seems an implication that the term "great" might be identified with the promotion of progress. As the conventionally great have been mainly bad this would involve a heavy redistribution of adjectives. Mr. Robson does really raise the very interesting question of what we ought to look for in our study of history, and it is true that, as the physicist puts it, we can only start from here-now, and that all that that implies has to be remembered in a final analysis. However much one may disagree with Mr. Robson in regard to his philosophies and his method one may thank him for being stimulating, interesting, and, no doubt, for exposing some of one's own philosophical confusions. And this, after all, is, especially for the historian, a healthy exercise.

In this book Mr. Robson has tried, he explains, to seize not so much the real Alexander but what he regards as of far greater interest and of far greater value, namely the "Alexander-idea," by which is meant the "cumulative presentation, not of a single personality, nor even of one narrow circle of persons, but of many ages, and of a cloud of innumerable witnesses." We may doubt, perhaps, how far this accurately describes the book and wonder whether Mr. Robson the philosopher has not to some extent impeded or at least obscured Mr. Robson the historian.

### A LIBRARY OF SEA ADVENTURES

*The Nautilus Library: Strange Adventures of the Sea.* By J. G. Lockhart; *The Story of H.M.S. "Victory."* By Geoffrey Callender; *The Cruise of the Alerte.* By E. F. Knight; *Sea Ventures of Britain.* By "Taffrail" (Commander Taprell Dorling). Allan. 3s. 6d. each.

THE Nautilus Library has now reached its eighth volume, and already it may be asserted with some confidence that it is growing up nicely. This second issue (Numbers 5 to 8) is at least as good as the first. A considered plan begins to appear—that of republishing a series of comparatively modern books about sea adventures, all of them of some technical interest to sailors, and bound in handy little blue volumes which should slip easily into the pocket. The stories, in fact, must be true stories of the sea, they must be popular stories, they must be brief, and they must be technically sound.

Immediately one thinks of Mr. J. G. Lockhart; and, sure enough, we discover that he has contributed

## TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (Continued)

### The rush and tear of crowded cities



"Men are the sport of circumstance," said Byron. The steam engine, that disturbed our great-grandparents, gives way to electric trains, and to aeroplanes. This hectic speeding of all our operations is reflected in a generation which turns to jazz for solace. One of the penalties of industrial progress is overburdened nerves. We feel jumpy and irritable, and we are

easily tired. Years ago doctors found that changing conditions were making nervous disorders the most common of all adult complaints, and the tonic they prescribed then is still the soundest—Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS." If you are feeling strained and tired, this excellent tonic will give you a new reserve of energy.

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no less than three out of these first eight volumes—namely, 'Mysteries of the Sea,' 'Peril of the Sea,' and 'Strange Adventures of the Sea.' He might well have added—and we hope he will—his 'A Great Sea Mystery,' dealing with the strange case of the *Marie Celeste*; for, brief as it is even for the purposes of this series, he has never written anything quite so satisfying. His 'Strange Adventures of the Sea' was first published in 1925, and now appears as one of the four volumes constituting this second series of the Nautilus Library. It is, of course, a "chancy" sort of book—that is to say, there have been so many "strange adventures" at sea that if Mr. Lockhart had published his work in ten or twelve volumes he would only just have begun to nibble at the subject. It is purely a matter for selection, and we can generally trust Mr. Lockhart for that.

He manages to include in this book a spirited account of the last fight of the famous pirate, "Blackbeard"; of the marooning of the poor sailor-boy Jeffery on a barren rock among the Leeward Islands, a tale which Mr. Martin Armstrong has recently retold so skilfully and movingly, and yet so incompletely; of the terrible stories of the *Mary Russell*, the *Grosvenor*, the *President*, the *Waratah*, and others; and he ends with a chapter entitled 'Stories of To-day,' which satisfactorily proves that the sea has not lost its power of providing us with an occasional grim tragedy or mystery. "Taffrail's" 'Sea Venturers' has less variety—fewer surprises. It contains just the stories we expect to find—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Cook and, in our own time, Scott—and "Taffrail" gives himself no more space than is sufficient for a bare narration of the facts. This book, if we are not mistaken, was published last Christmas as a book for boys; so that there seems to be some doubt as to its true vocation in life. Glancing over this neat, new edition it seems obvious that what it is really is a handy, useful work of reference—that and no more.

Professor Callender's history of the *Victory*, which was published in 1914, and E. F. Knight's story of his expedition in the *Alerte* to Trinidad in search of buried treasure, which appeared as long ago as 1891, are on rather a different footing. Knight's story, though full of interest, is in places long drawn out. He claims to have proved that no pirates' hoard exists on Trinidad, and he certainly made a very thorough search for it. But when we are dealing with an island which alters its shape every few years owing to volcanic eruption; and when we consider that, after all, the treasures of Spanish America, the altar-pieces and golden crucifixes, the bullion and the pieces of eight cannot have disappeared entirely into the blue; and when we remember the strong evidence in regard to the burying of this particular hoard, we may do well to keep an open mind and hope that some of the schoolboy stories may yet come true. Professor Callender's is easily the best book of the four. The writer, who is Professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is moved by a genuine enthusiasm for his great subject—Nelson's *Victory*; he knows all there is to know about it, and in this new edition of his book he has added a foreword in which he tells the story of the refitting of the *Victory*, so that she now resembles as closely as possible the flagship which carried Nelson into action on the most glorious day in the history of the British fleet. There are still one or two points in doubt but the restoration must be very nearly perfect.

The body of his book has not dated in any way, except the "Epilogue," written in 1913, in which an appeal was made to save the *Victory* from the knacker's yard. That has happily been accomplished; but Professor Callender has rightly decided to let his epilogue stand, as illustrating one more episode in the long history of the famous old ship.

## THE SCIENCE OF BIRD-WATCHING

*The Study of Birds.* By E. M. Nicholson. Benn. 6d.

EVERYBODY who is interested in the living bird will be grateful to Mr. Nicholson for this acute and vigorous little book. It is a plea for ornithology as an exact science and with a future before it only to be realized by making an almost clean sweep of the bad and futile traditions inherited from the Victorians, who have bequeathed to us such a litter of injurious fallacies in all branches of knowledge. Though he somewhat naively dissociates himself from all "sentiment" in the problems he so incisively debates, he is actually a bold champion of an enlightened bird protection, and he deserves to rank as a first-class observer, the qualifications for which he himself tabulates as ability to test evidence, command of language, imagination, aptness of description, precision over facts and fertility in theory no less than a trained eye. The value of Mr. Nicholson's appeal for the abolition of all private collections lies in his combination of these two qualities. His criticism is destructive because it is based on humane principles and scientific reasoning alike; and not only to say but to prove that "the result is that after generations of wholesale and senseless accumulation of pricked egg-shells, the simplest facts about these curiously variable and characteristically avian productions remain completely unexplained," makes a valuable contribution indeed. In the same way, he does convince the reader of the truth of his words that if one per cent. of the birds collected in the last century had been scientifically described, we should be in possession of ten times the amount of knowledge. Could there be a more scathing indictment of the butcheries and pedantries of the last three generations than Mr. Nicholson's exposition of the need for ornithology to begin at long last doing some real work?

What that work should be is set out with inevitable brevity in his three chapters, 'How to Observe,' 'Bird-Marking' and 'The Bird Census.' In spite of the very large number of species the self-styled ornithologists have reduced to rarity, the science itself is only in its infancy. Mr. Nicholson's little book is a striking example of that great and most neglected truth, that before we can learn a little we have to unlearn a very

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great deal. In his remarks on Bird Protection he is equally illuminating. He shows how the sentimentalists who protect birds against their natural enemies defeat their own ends. And, wisely, I think, he concludes that the only practicable method of safeguarding bird-life is to abolish the niggling sanctuary and laws that nobody understands or observes in favour of a universal measure of all-round protection to birds and their eggs with the exception of a "black list" of birds scientifically proved to be injurious.

In his anxiety to avoid "sentiment," Mr. Nicholson is a little cavalier to the observer who is an artist rather than a man of science, and who remembers that birds are beautiful as well as interesting. And I think he exaggerates the biological serfdom of birds. But these misjudgments do not affect the soundness of his main arguments and the perspicuity he brings to them.

H. J. M.

## A ROLLING STONE

*Sails and Saddles.* By Sir Michael W. S. Bruce. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE author of this lively autobiography tells us that when he came across the word "wanderlust" in his boyhood he tattooed it in letters of gold on his heart. It certainly describes his ruling passion. Though only in his thirty-fifth year, he has enjoyed a sufficient number of exciting adventures to fill the average three-score years and ten many times over. He is one of those men who cannot be happy in civilization and safety—at any rate until they have had an ample experience of the other thing. He reminds us of Mr. Kipling's typical voortrekkers, or pioneers of empire, in temperament if not in achievement.

I want to get out and feel the sweet whip of the wind on my face (he says) and breathe the air that has not been putrified in the lungs of a hundred slugs before it comes to me. I like to draw my water from a stream, and not a brass tap. I like to smell my food cooking and know I've shot it myself . . . a bird or something. In cities the very pavements are man-made. Artificial, unnatural. No wonder men become twisted, unhealthy creatures when they sweat away their existence within the perpetual sight of buildings and streets and other people's windows.

At the age of 17 he enlisted in the British South African Police, and seemed a mere baby to his hard-bitten comrades, but soon proved himself their equal. When the war broke out, he began by being ingloriously wounded by one of his own men, but recovered in time to take part in the immortal landing of the 29th Division at Gallipoli. He was there wounded again, but managed to get out to France later, and was blown thirty feet into the air at Delville Wood. A season followed of "painting the town red" in London, variegated with spells in shell-shock hospitals. An appalling picture of one of these may be set off against the glowing tribute paid to Latchmere House and Major Norman Oliver, whose "infinite kindness and patience" earned Sir Michael Bruce's gratitude, as they have earned that of every one who has come under his untiring and sympathetic care. More vermillion in Rio stands out against the pitch black of the freezing winds that blow off the Horn, which the author doubled as a foremast hand in a sailing ship. Cow-punching in Brazil on one of the huge tinned-meat ranches, and exploration on the Amazon with a weird and cryptic employer by no means exhaust the list of Sir Michael Bruce's experiences, related with a cheerful gaiety which makes them as amusing in retrospect as they must have been trying in actuality.

## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*The Purple Cloud. The Lord of the Sea. Cold Steel. The Yellow Peril.* By M. P. Shiel. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. each.

IT is difficult, perhaps not even desirable, to discuss temperately the works of Mr. Shiel. Without recourse to superlatives one cannot well convey their quality. Like Mount Everest, or the River Amazon, or the Eiffel Tower, or Woolworth's Stores, they are not to be contained in the positive or the comparative degree; they set a standard, they break a record, they aim at the Absolute. But there are many eminences and pre-eminences, some of them, as Milton says, bad; though this is a distinction the present age is apt to lose sight of, finding a virtue in mere singularity, and lumping together, as objects of interest and reverence, the fattest man with the cleverest.

Mr. Shiel is certainly a record-breaker among novelists. His conceptions are more grandiose than those of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky or Herman Melville. Take 'The Purple Cloud,' for instance. Some novelists would rest content with making their hero the first man to reach the North Pole. Not so Mr. Shiel. Adam Jeffson returns to find that the earth has been swept by a poisonous cloud travelling at the rate of "100 to 105 miles a day"; all land-dwelling creatures have been destroyed, and he is the last man left. Solitude brings out criminal tendencies: an inclination to arson manifests itself:

This of city-burning has now become a habit with me more enchainning—and more debased—than ever was opium to the smoker: my necessary, my brandy, my bacchanal, my secret sin. I have burned Calcutta, Peking and San Francisco . . . In spite of the curbing influence of this building I have burned and burned—three hundred cities and countrysides. Like Leviathan disporting himself in the sea, so I have rioted in the earth.

He comes across thousands of corpses, many of which he describes in full—appearance, attitude, expression, dress, etc. Using the dead as mannequins he is enabled to give an account of national costumes throughout the world. Mr. Shiel has a passion for collecting facts: in the republic of his mind "all facts are born free and equal." Finally in Constantinople the new Adam discovers a new Eve—a Circassian maiden who had escaped annihilation. Shall the Black or the White Force triumph in him? Shall he re-people the world or shall he not? After all that Adam has gone through, this seems an unimportant question.

Only issues affecting the entire human race can thoroughly engage the attention of Mr. Shiel. 'The Lord of the Sea' is from one point of view a piece of Socialist propaganda, a plea for the nationalization of land. This is how Mr. Shiel drives his point home. The nations of Europe have expelled the Jews, who settle in Europe and buy up the countryside. One of these new landlords, domineering over the district, falls foul of Richard Hogarth and gets him sent to penal servitude. Richard escapes inside the prison bell, which he has damaged so that it may be sent away for repairs. He could not have got out, but fortunately the bell suffers shipwreck. Richard discovers on the property of his enemy the Jew a piece of meteorite composed of diamonds. With the wealth at his disposal he establishes fortified "islands" on the principal trade routes and compels all shipping to pay a tax of four shillings a ton. The sea belongs to him, he says, and anyone using it must pay him rent; a painful object-lesson in economic theory. The navies of the world would unite against him, but they fall out among themselves;

and his momentary downfall is caused by private treachery, not by the miscarriage of his plans. After he has ceased to be Lord of the Sea and Regent of England he follows the Jews to Palestine and rules them for many years. He had been instrumental in getting them sent there; he was, without knowing it, a Jew himself and Rebekah, who had all along been the chink in his armour, was a Jewess.

Love plays an important, though not a large part, in Mr. Shiel's novels. He treats it romantically but cursorily. It is not always in his thoughts, as technical terms are; but when it makes its appearance it overrides other motives. For love of Li Ki Yu, Oyone is ready to commit any number of murders, particularly that of the Prince of Wales, which may facilitate the descent of the Chinese hordes upon Europe. For love of Laura Ford, Henry VIII and Francis I are shown as turning England into a jousting ground. Mr. Shiel certainly does not ignore love, and when the lovers speak, their fiery words do justice to their passion. But in essence it is always a sword-and-cloak love, a gorgeous property, quite detachable from the person whom it from time to time affects: the kind of love one expects in certain types of historical novel. In a sense all these four novels are historical, the three that deal with history of Mr. Shiel's own contriving showing a world less like our own than 'Cold Steel,' which reflects, with what accuracy I cannot say but with a tremendous apparatus of historical learning, the life and times of Henry VIII. They were written between 1899 and 1913, but they have little to do with that epoch: even the scientific lore of which they are full belongs to another age. They underwent an eclipse; now Mr. Gollancz is republishing them in wrappers quoting golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Mr. Shiel relies for his effect (which is like a knock-down blow) mainly on three things: the breadth of his initial conception, his gift of expression, and his mastery over technicalities which he turns into a kind of poetry, so passionately does he assimilate them. His imagination is well served by his vocabulary, a record-breaking vocabulary, surely the largest ever handled by a novelist. He uses so many words he hardly seems to use the same one twice. His imagination kindles at an odd word; the more such words he can cram in, the more turgid, passionate and effective does his style become. He writes in a high fever—cold steel there may be, but never cold Shiel—and he puts into the simplest statement (if ever he makes one) the maximum of rhetoric. His powers of description are phenomenal; all the senses minister to him simultaneously and he crystallizes their various testimonies into one flashing word.

He lacks (it seems to me) a sense of humour and knowledge of human nature. He can present the magnetic effect on the mind of a single great idea; and he knows what words the tongue utters and what thoughts the mind darts forth at emotional crises—anger, pity, love, death. Of the common stuff out of which life is made he knows little. The everyday acts and motives of his characters are grotesque beyond words: even in a Lyceum melodrama they would be unthinkable. Nor can they claim the licence of Romance; for they have no consistent angle of relationship to human nature—they flout it, substituting mere sensationalism. Side by side with fantasies of science worthy of Jules Verne or Mr. Wells, imaginative passages that Poe or Melville might have envied, we find an analysis of motive incredibly wild and silly. This is specially the case in 'The Yellow Peril.' Because of this fundamental weakness Mr. Shiel's work, though it excites the imagination, does not hold the attention, which would rather be wooed than ravished. But he is a master of the written word and a virtuoso of the imagination—proud titles both.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- OLD BUDDHA. By Princess Der Ling. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.  
 CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN WRITERS. By William Drake. Harrap. 10s. 6d.  
 HERBERT BOOTH. By F. C. Ottman. Jarrolds. 5s.  
 LAW IN HISTORY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Edward P. Cheyney. Knopf. 7s. 6d. (March 21).  
 THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER. By Alastair Moray. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.  
 MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON. Edited by Cyril Hughes Hartmann. Routledge. 10s. 6d.  
 GENERAL DYER. By Ian Colvin. Blackwood. 20s. (March 19).  
 THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. A Collective Work. Blackie. 25s.

### ART AND MUSIC

- EURYDICE: OR THE NATURE OF OPERA. By Dyneley Hussey. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.  
 CLASSICAL SCULPTURE. By A. W. Lawrence. Cape. 15s. (March 18).  
 ERIC GILL. By Joseph Thorp. Cape. 25s.

### POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

- WAR AS AN INSTRUMENT OF NATIONAL POLICY. By James T. Shotwell. Constable. 15s. (March 21).  
 RATING RELIEF: THE GREAT REFORM ACT. By a Group of Conservative M.P.'s. Allan. 3s. 6d.  
 THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE. By L. Haden Guest. Murray. 7s. 6d.  
 THE PRINCIPLES OF SUBSIDENCE AND THE LAW OF SUPPORT IN RELATION TO COLLIERY UNDERTAKINGS. By W. T. Lane and J. H. Roberts. Knopf. 18s.

### FICTION

- CALF LOVE. By Vernon Bartlett. Constable. 5s. (March 21).  
 THE DOCTOR'S WOOING. By Charles Phillips. Nelson. 7s. 6d.  
 STORM HOUSE. By Kathleen Norris. Murray. 7s. 6d.  
 BOLIVAR. By M. B. Vaucaire. Constable. 7s. 6d. (March 21).  
 CARL AND ANNA. By Leonhard Frank. Davies. 3s. 6d. (March 18).  
 A VIRTUOUS WOMAN. By Daphne Muir. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. (March 19).

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DODSWORTH. By Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d. (March 18).  
 WHO SHALL HANG? By Marcus Magill. Knopf. 7s. 6d.  
 (March 21).  
 QUEEN CLEOPATRA. By Talbot Mundy. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.  
 CATS IN THE ISLE OF MAN. By Daisy Fellowes. Heinemann.  
 6s.  
 MY FRIEND PIERROT. By Dorothy Buck. Chapman and Hall.  
 7s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS

ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By D. C. Somervell. Methuen. 6s.  
 THE WILD GARDEN. By W. Robinson. Murray. 9s.  
 CONTRACT BRIDGE STANDARDS. By Wilbur C. Whitehead. Gollancz. 3s. 6d. (March 18).  
 THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By Waldo Frank. Scribner. 12s. 6d.  
 LONDON TOWN. By J. B. Booth. Werner Laurie. 21s.  
 THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. OFFICIAL CENTENARY HISTORY. Compiled by G. C. Drinkwater and T. R. B. Sanders. Cassell. 15s.  
 A REGISTER OF ADMISSIONS TO KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1797-1925. Compiled by John J. Withers. Murray. 15s.  
 EVERY DAY IN MY GARDEN. By F. Hadfield Farthing. Knopf. 7s. 6d.  
 THE CHURCH AND BODILY HEALING. By R. LL. Langford-James. Daniel. 3s. 6d.  
 THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. Constable. 7s. 6d. (March 21).

## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 365

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, March 21).

TWO WELL-KNOWN DWELLERS IN THE SEA ARE THESE.  
 "LIKE ONE ANOTHER?" YES,—AS CHALK AND CHEESE;  
 BOTH ARE WELL ARMED: IN NOUGHT ELSE THEY AGREE.

1. From breakfast-dainty loosen letters three.
2. A Scandinavian you must now behead.
3. Core of the bag which holds our daily bread.
4. Curtail the noise that from a drum proceeds.
5. His musings rarely take the shape of deeds.
6. To courts of law and legal pleas pertaining.
7. Minced oath in use when good Queen Bess was reigning.
8. From tendons cut intelligence away.
9. The Rocket comes—our rogue has had his day.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 363

B a Bble  
 E rmin E  
 gN At<sup>1</sup> 1 Ye blind guides, which straine out a gnat, and  
 E veres T swallow a camell.  
 D rawe R<sup>2</sup> —Matt. xxiii. 24. Geneva Bible.  
 I tal Ic 2 A waiter at an inn was formerly called a  
 C ir Cus drawer.  
 K erosen E

ACROSTIC No. 363.—The winner is Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Aland House, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who has chosen as her prize 'From Leipzig to Cabul,' by G. Stratil-Sauer, published by Hutchinson and reviewed by us on March 2. Ten other competitors named this book, 24 'High Pressure,' 17 'Night Falls on Siva's Hill,' 11 'The Guillotine and its Servants.'

ALSO CORRECT.—Martha.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Armadale, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, M. de Burgh, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, H. L. V. Day, Dhualt, Dodo, M. East, Falcon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, E. W. Fox, Gay, Glamis, James Hall, L. W. Horton, Iago, W. P. James, Jean, Jeff, Jop, John Lennie, Lilian, Madge, Muriel M. Malvern, Margaret, E. M. Mein, Met, Mrs. Euan Miller, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Miss Moore, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Thora, Twyford, Tyro, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Dolmar, E. G. H., Elizabeth, A. R. Fordham, Hanworth, Lady Mottram, Peter, F. M. Petty, K. R. Potter, Margarita Skene, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

LIGHT 3.—In our "Authorised Version" the correct translation of the Geneva Bible was altered to "straine at," perhaps by a printer's error. In our R.V. the correct reading is restored. The original is: *dililzontes ton kōnōpa*, which the Vulgate renders: *excolantes culicem*.

LIGHT 5.—Johnson quotes from the *Tatler*: "A man of fire is a general enemy to all waiters, and makes the drawers abroad and his footmen at home know he is not to be provoked." See also 1 King Henry IV, Act 2, Sc. 4, where the word occurs several times. It is surprising that so many solvers gave Douceur, not seeing that the answer to the Light is the word represented by the pronoun *he*.

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE disfigurement of the countryside by unsightly placards advertising petrol stations has induced the Royal Automobile Club to take interest in a competition under the auspices of the Royal Institution of British Architects. The idea is to beautify the countryside, or at any rate to prevent further disfigurement. So the R.I.B.A. have offered a prize of £100, to which the R.A.C. has subscribed £25, for a standard sign for petrol filling stations in areas which may be ultimately scheduled by local authorities under Section 2 of the Petrol Consolidation Act. The fuel distributing companies are at present somewhat under a cloud for raising their prices. Actually, of course, it has been well known in motoring circles that the low prices which motorists have been paying for petrol during the past six months have been part of a "petrol war" to drive the Russian oil importers either out of the market or to come to some terms with the large distributors. This policy has evidently succeeded; it has been reported that an agreement has been made between the leading distributors and the Russian oil importers. The practical result is that petrol has now been put up to a price at which it can be distributed with a profit to its suppliers, instead of a loss—if one may take the statements of the distributing firms as correct.

Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave small comfort to the deputation from the motoring organizations which attended the Treasury to press him to reduce the burden of taxation by one-third of the existing rates on motor vehicles, there is a hope that the pressure of the Minister of Transport will bring about an introduction of a rebate for secondhand cars of so many years of age, in order that the market in these may be made easier. At present there is a large number of second-hand motor vehicles lying unsold in the hands of the retail industry. This locks up a large amount of capital that could be better employed, and at the same time, as over seventy per cent. of new car business involves a part exchange deal of a secondhand car, restricts the further sales of new cars, for dealers do not wish to add to their already heavy stock of old ones. If cars four or five years old could have a reduced horse-power tax of, say, fifty per cent., a number of vehicles costing £10 to £50 which are standing unsold would find their way into the hands of the public. The Government would gain by the extra fuel these would consume and with their reduced amount of tax would help to show an increase in the number of new motorists on the road, which at present is a stationary figure, judging by the latest returns from the Ministry of Transport.

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The SOCIETY of INCORPORATED  
ACCOUNTANTS and AUDITORS

A.D. 1885

## EXAMINATIONS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:

Preliminary Examination, April 29th and 30th, 1929.  
 Intermediate Examination, May 1st and 2nd, 1929.  
 Final Examination, April 30th, May 1st and 2nd, 1929.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice on or before March 26th, 1929, to the Secretary, Incorporated Accountants' Hall, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.





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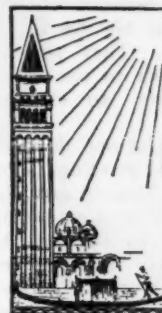
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DEPOSITS, etc. (31 Dec., 1928)	-	335,081,223

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

IN pre-war days company meetings were apt to be very uninteresting functions—unless the company concerned had had a disappointing or even a disastrous year: shareholders attended only on these occasions, to browbeat their chairman. To-day the position is changed, and shareholders attend company meetings because they find their chairman's remarks interesting and instructive. We are indebted to the chairmen of our big banks for having brought about this change. They set the example of not limiting their remarks to the actual figures in their own balance sheets, an example which is being widely copied.

Ample evidence of this was supplied one day last week, when at three different company meetings three chairmen, Mr. Sam Courtauld, Lord Ashfield and Mr. Henry Spence Horne made speeches of outstanding interest. Mr. Courtauld had much to say on the present condition of the Rayon industry; he explained that it had been decided to adopt the word "Rayon" as the new term for artificial silk. He pointed out that in England and Europe production had overtaken consumption and that this condition had led to loss of confidence on the part of buyers, curtailment of orders, lowering of prices all round, and widespread dislocation of business. As to conditions in Europe, he explained that they were still very difficult and though he hoped they would improve, any rapid improvement was far from certain. Conditions in America, however, warranted a more favourable account, prices having been maintained at the 1927 level throughout the whole of last year, and there was some increase in the weight sold.

The outlook in the Rayon industry in America Mr. Courtauld considers to be settled but not especially brilliant. Mr. Courtauld made no mention of the various selling agreements which had existed between European producers, and one is left to wonder whether, when prices fell and stocks were big, these agreements had been strictly observed as far as the foreign producers were concerned. Mr. Courtauld has a reputation for being conservative in his utterances. He obviously does not believe in raising his shareholders' hopes too high by speaking too optimistically as to the results to be achieved by the remarkable company over which he presides. Bearing this in mind, shareholders in Courtaulds have no cause for anxiety about the future prospects of the great company in which they are interested; even Mr. Courtauld had to admit that he believed the company's competitive strength to be greater than ever.

While Mr. Courtauld had to explain the difficulties that the company had encountered during 1928, Lord Ashfield, at the Underground Electric meeting, was able to inform his shareholders that last year had on the whole been the best they had yet experienced. Naturally he had a good deal to say about the recent rise in the price of petrol, which one can readily understand affects this company very materially. This increase of 2½d. per gallon will necessitate the expenditure of an additional £200,000 on the company's petrol bill, over and above the £400,000 a year charge which represents the cost to the company of the tax of 4d. a gallon imposed

by the last Budget. Lord Ashfield expressed the hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be able to afford the company relief in the forthcoming Budget. He stated that the transport undertakings in which the Underground is interested paid in rates and taxes during last year a sum of £978,000, which sum represented 25% upon the real earnings of the company—a burden which, when reduced to plain figures, is exceptionally onerous. Lord Ashfield, referring to the employees of the company, who reach a total of 43,500, explained that although the index number for the cost of living had fallen from 180 to 167 in the last five years, the average wage paid by the company to the staff had slightly increased. This consideration paid to their employees has had good results, as Lord Ashfield was able to state that the company had received better service from their staff. In perusing the reports of company meetings such as this, one is struck with the fact that undoubtedly relationships between employer and employee are on a better footing to-day than they have ever been before.

Mr. Horne, at the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation meeting, devoted a considerable part of his speech to dealing with this particular subject. He explained that, as the Corporation is primarily an organization concentrating on industrial situations, both he and his colleagues followed with keen interest the results of the conferences which have been taking place with the object of arriving at a better understanding between employers and employees in the industrial world. Mr. Horne is a staunch believer in incurring expenditure on the organization of constructive work on a great scale, rather than utilizing the money in the form of doles. Perhaps on the next occasion when Mr. Horne deals with this subject he will put forward details of a definite scheme to remedy this enforced idleness on the part of the employed, which all must deplore. As to the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation, Mr. Horne explained that it was their policy to invest sums in young but growing industrial concerns and, in addition to finance, to assist them with the advice of technical experts, the Corporation reaping their reward in the enhanced earnings to which this leads, thus enabling the assisted businesses to meet their obligations to the Corporation by the paying of increased dividends. There is little doubt that if this policy is pursued, it will be performing an extremely useful function in assisting the industry of the country in the right manner and incidentally benefiting its shareholders by the profits to which this policy must lead.

## UNCERTAIN OUTLOOK

Business on the Stock Exchange continues at a low ebb, and prices at the beginning of the week registered fresh low records under the lead of gilt-edged securities. The cause of this was undoubtedly extreme nervousness as to the monetary outlook in view of the American position, which I dealt with in detail in these notes last week. One wonders, however, if the fall has not been overdone and it would appear that, despite the fact that the outlook still remains uncertain, the moment has now arrived for first-class investments to be acquired. Admittedly, in addition to the American position, the Budget and the General Election have to be faced. As to the Budget, although we must be resigned to nothing very tangible in relief of taxation, it seems improb-

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able that fresh imposts will be introduced which would seriously jeopardize the profit-earning capacity of any of our great industrial concerns. The General Election certainly presents a difficulty; for although whatever the result one may hope that the industry of the country will not be seriously interfered with, there is no gainsaying that in certain contingencies sentiment will cause at all events a temporary set-back in quotations. In these circumstances these are obviously not the times for speculative investors to acquire stock with the object of making a quick profit; rather is it the moment for sound selected investments to be acquired and locked away for what the American investor would describe as the "long pull."

#### TIN SHARES

Despite general dullness, there has been a flicker—in fact rather more than a flicker—of animation in certain sections of the Tin share market. Recent negotiations are said to have been completed in America which should lead, if not to a rise in the price of the metal, at all events to a maintenance of the present level. When conditions generally prove more favourable, the Tin share market is likely to enjoy its full share of attention.

#### SAXONE SHOE

Dealings started this week in the £1 ordinary shares of the Saxone Shoe Company Limited. The business of this company, which was formed as a private company in 1901, has rapidly developed and it now owns 106 retail stores situated in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and other important provincial towns in England, Scotland and Ireland. The net profits for 1928 totalled £115,559. The issued capital consists of 475,000 £1 6½% cumulative preference shares and a similar number of £1 ordinary shares. To pay 6½% and 15% on the ordinary shares, £102,125 is required. The ordinary shares received a dividend of 15% for 1928, and at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 41s. 6d., they appear an interesting permanent investment possessing decided possibilities.

#### BRITANNIC ASSURANCE

In referring to the investment of the company's funds, which last year necessitated dealing with £2,500,000, Mr. J. A. Jefferson, presiding at the recent meeting of the Britannic Assurance Company, spoke of the possible danger that might arise from the flotation of too many new investment trust companies, of which 72 were formed, with many millions of capital, in 1928. Last year was obviously an exceptional year in this respect, and it is unlikely that a similar number of new trust companies will be created in 1929. Should, however, this surmise prove incorrect, investors will have to discriminate carefully as to the prospects of some of the newer creations; otherwise Mr. Jefferson's fears, that competition will make it difficult for shareholders to receive a satisfactory yield, will certainly prove justified. In view of the fact that the funds of the Britannic Assurance Company exceed £16,500,000, the question of investments is naturally one of supreme importance to them. The gross rate of interest earned by the company's funds for last year was £5 11s. 11d.

#### SALERNI COUPLING

In this REVIEW will be found a preliminary notice dealing with an issue which will be made next week of 1,500,000 shares of 2s. each in the Salerni Coupling, Limited. It is claimed for the Salerni Coupling that it entirely removes the difficulty of changing gears, either up or down, at any speed.

TAURUS

## SCOTTISH FINANCE COMPANY LIMITED

announces that the issue for subscription at par of

**1,500,000 Shares of 2s. each**

IN

## THE SALERNI COUPLING LIMITED

will be made next week

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The Prospectus will show that:—

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2. The Company secures a contract for the sale of a minimum of 50,000 Couplings in the first year rising to 100,000 a year which will show 20 per cent. on its capital, issued and under option. A deposit of £12,500 in cash has already been paid on this account.
3. Mr. Salerni, the Inventor, takes the post of Technical Advisor for five years, and Mr. Geo. W. Watson, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.A.E., becomes Consulting Engineer.

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### Summary of the Directors' Report for the Year 1928.

### Another Successful Year

**TOTAL FUNDS** amounted to £16,515,333, an increase of £1,467,260 over 1927.**TOTAL INCOME** (excluding the General Branch) amounted to £4,681,140, being an increase of £352,395 over the previous year.**ORDINARY BRANCH.**—Premium Income amounted to £993,740, an increase of £129,387 over the previous year. The number of policies issued during the year was 15,827, assuring £2,520,333 and producing a new Annual Premium Income of £125,039.**INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.**—Premium Income amounted to £2,853,396, an increase of £155,745 over the previous year.**GENERAL BRANCH.**—Premium Income amounted to £52,644, all of which was re-insured.**TOTAL CLAIMS PAID** during the year in the Life Branches amounted to £1,574,570.

Ordinary Branch Policies in the Immediate Profit Class will again receive a Reversionary Bonus at the rate of £2 2s. 6d. per £100 assured.

The Company transacts all Classes of Life, Fire, Accident, Motor, Employers' Liability and General Insurances.

J. MURRAY LAING, F.I.A., F.F.A.  
Secretary and ActuaryJNO. A. JEFFERSON, F.I.A.  
Chairman and General Manager

# The Halifax The World's Largest Building Society

## GREAT INCREASE OF BUSINESS — TOTAL ASSETS £54,155,000

### Annual Report of the Directors

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 25th day of March, 1929.

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the Annual Statement of Accounts, shewing the operations of the Society during the financial year ended the 31st January, 1929.

The business of the Society for the year has been highly satisfactory, and there have been large increases in the Funds and Membership.

On the 1st February, 1928, the Halifax Permanent Building Society and the Halifax Equitable Building Society were legally united under the name of "The Halifax Building Society," and the Statement of Accounts now presented covers the transactions of the Society for the first year from the date of the amalgamation.

**ASSETS.**—The Total Assets at the end of the year amounted to £54,155,040 5s. 2d., an increase of £7,173,553 2s. 1d.**RESERVE FUND.**—The Reserve Fund, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to the date of the account, stands at £1,689,338 19s. 4d., being an increase of £228,038 0s. 6d.**INCOME.**—The Income for the Year, exclusive of investments realised, was £30,683,773 10s. 10d.**MORTGAGES.**—The amount advanced upon new mortgages during the year was £10,214,328 12s. 7d., mainly upon the security of dwellinghouses acquired by borrowers for their personal occupation.

The new Borrowers number 30,926, shewing an average of only 463 per new mortgage completed. The total amount now due upon Mortgages is £40,570,655, an increase during the year of £2,456,670, and the total number of Borrowers is 106,896, an increase of 9,396.

Of this total 81 per cent. are in respect of Mortgages where the debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's mortgages is only £379 each. The Mortgage Accounts are in an entirely satisfactory condition, and there are no properties of borrowers in the possession of the Society to be reported in the statutory Schedule.

**SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS.**—The amount standing to the credit of the Investing Shareholders and Depositors is £52,465,801 5s. 10d., being £6,945,530 1s. 7d. of an increase during the year.**PROFITS.**—The gross profit of the year, after payment of all expenses and Income Tax, amounted to £2,459,564 7s. 5d., and after providing for all interest due to Depositors and Shareholders up to the date of the Account, there remains a surplus profit of £414,875 2s. 9d.

The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed, in addition to the interest, a bonus of £1 10s. 0d. per cent. upon the sum standing to the credit of Paid-up Shareholders, Class I, and a bonus of £2 10s. 0d. per cent. to the Subscription Investing Shareholders upon the total amount paid by them up to the end of the preceding year.

This distribution will make a total yield to the Paid-up Shareholders in Class I of £5 per cent., and to the Subscription Shareholders of £6 per cent., both Interest and Bonus being free from Income Tax.

They also recommend that the sum of £15,000 be granted to the Staff Superannuation Fund, and that £30,000 be written off Office Properties Account.

The new Accounts opened during the year numbered 79,297, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' accounts open at the end of the year was 361,967, an increase of 32,743.

**NEW BRANCHES.**—New Branches have been opened at Baldon, Basingstoke, Bedford, Billingham, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Cheadle, Colne, Exeter, Farnham, Ilkeston, Luton, Maidstone, Norwich, Salisbury, West Hartlepool and High Wycombe.**NEW OFFICE PREMISES.**—New and permanent office premises, staffed by the Society, have been opened during the year at Cleveleys, Croydon, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, Manchester, Morley, Oldham and Stockport.**GENERAL.**—The Directors very greatly regret to report the loss to the Society by the death of Sir William Ramsden, J.P., on the 22nd October last. He had been a Director of the Society since 1910, and served as President from 1921 to 1925, and from January, 1927, to the date of his decease. His long continued and devoted services during this period were of incalculable value to the Society.

In his place Sir Enoch Hill, J.P., the Vice-President, was elected President of the Society.

The Directors desire to congratulate the Members and Officials upon the remarkable expansion of the business of the Society during the past year, as revealed by the Statement of Accounts, and also upon the fact that the Society has still further strengthened the predominant position it has held for many years as by far the largest Building Society in the World.

ENOCH HILL, President.

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Company Meeting**COURTAULDS, LIMITED****NEW PRICE LEVEL ESTABLISHED****COMPANY'S PRODUCTS IMPROVED IN QUALITY AND VARIETY****ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS IN THE WEAVING BRANCH****MR. SAMUEL COURTAULD'S SURVEY**

The SIXTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Courtaulds, Ltd., was held on March 7 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. Samuel Courtauld (the chairman) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. Ernest Kettle) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The directors' report and accounts were taken as read.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to move:—“That the report of the directors dated 14th February, 1929, and the balance sheet of the 31st December, 1928, now submitted, be, and the same are hereby, received and adopted and that a final dividend on the Ordinary shares for the year ended the 31st December, 1928, of 10 per cent., free of income-tax (making with the interim dividend already paid, 15 per cent. total for the year, free of income-tax), be declared and paid.”

Before putting the motion, I will follow my annual custom of giving you my view of the present state of our business.

Our weaving branch has had its usual hard struggle against competition of all kinds, but I am glad to say its trading results are somewhat better than in 1927, and its present prospects are distinctly encouraging; this, we hope, may prove to be a good omen for the other and much larger branch of our business.

**“RAYON”—NEW GENERIC NAME**

Before saying anything about the present position of this other branch, I must tell you that we recently decided to adopt the word “rayon” as the new generic name for artificial silk. We have long felt that the word “artificial” implied a stigma on this wonderful new textile product, besides being responsible for a certain amount of misdescription and confusion. When you consider that varieties of this new material are already being made with fibres finer and, at the same time, stronger than real silk, when you consider also that the price of the new yarns is on the average lower than that of any of the staple textile yarns except cotton, you will agree that the reputation of “rayon,” as we shall now call it, should no longer appear to depend in any degree upon its resemblance to something else.

The word “rayon” was officially adopted a few years ago in the United States—it is, in addition, now used in all American schools—and it has made a good deal of headway in this country in the trade and in the Press. So when we felt that the time was ripe for a change, we decided that it would be best to adopt the word which was already in wide use. I believe that there is a good prospect of this word being adopted for official purposes in this country, and, furthermore, artificial silk makers on the Continent are sympathetically considering the adoption of this—or a phonetically similar—name for use in their respective countries.

**TRADING CONDITIONS**

Turning now to our own rayon (or artificial silk) business, I must warn you that the picture I have to put before you is a mixed one—mixed as regards the trading history of the past year—and indefinite as to the future. We started 1928 under good conditions, with steady sales and a possibility of increased production, though you may remember my pointing out at our last meeting that it was impossible for turnover to increase in 1928 as it had done the year before, for 1927 started with large stocks in hand, while in January 1928, shelves were comparatively bare. I also said that we could not forecast the course of business beyond August and that this course would

be mainly determined by the weight of new production which might be put on the market in the autumn; if this weight exceeded the demand, the industry would certainly be faced with a difficult time.

In England and Europe generally this difficult time has certainly arrived again; production has overtaken consumption, and the inevitable consequences have followed; loss of confidence on the part of buyers, curtailment of orders, a lowering of prices all round and widespread dislocation of business from which we have not yet recovered.

**PRODUCTION, PRICES AND COMPETITION**

Such readjustments are inevitable from time to time, and it is certain that they can never be effected without some jolts, but on this occasion the disorganization has been unusually pronounced, and in my opinion to a great extent unnecessary. We have experienced periods of excessive production before, but this is the first occasion on which we have seen large weights of yarn from diverse quarters offered at prices well below any possible true cost. The explanation can only be that a number of new producers have been so short of cash with which to carry on their operations that they have incontinently thrown their production—good, bad or indifferent—upon the market at any price which it would fetch. We may leave them to find some way of retracing their steps if they can. (Laughter.)

The fact that much of this production has been indifferent, not to say bad, in quality is doubly unfortunate in that it must cause trouble and disappointment to the manufacturer who turns it into fabrics and to the public who uses them, and every fresh crop of trouble of this kind gives our commodity a bad mark and causes a set-back to the industry at large. These things need not have happened if newcomers had not started so lightheartedly without sufficient resources either in capital or in experience; they would not have been in such a hurry to see something coming into the exchequer, and in the long run their prospects would have been distinctly more pleasing than they actually are. If the trade could not absorb the total output of the country at the old price level—which I doubt—cuts could have been made with greater deliberation, with more uniformity, and upon a less drastic scale, and the market would not have been unduly upset.

Personally, I am not convinced that the trade could not have consumed the whole of this output at the prices prevailing at the beginning of last year, for, if an article has not proved intrinsically too dear, price-stability is the one thing above all others needed by the users to promote the growth of his own business and thereby increase the consumption of the materials he buys. This, indeed, is the outstanding truth which needs to be realized by everyone who has a hand in the direction of this industry.

**INTRINSIC WORTH OF RAYON**

As to the intrinsic worth of rayon, I believe that even at last year's prices it would still offer by far the most profitable field to the manufacturer of textile fabrics and the best value to everyone who handles it, including the ultimate consumer. But the possibility of selling at the old prices has gone by; once they have dropped it is very difficult to raise them again; at present one can hardly foresee such a shortage coming about as would make higher prices a possibility, and even if possible they might not again be desirable from our point of view.



Now that the fall has taken place, and the new price-level is established, we believe that another period of development will follow; but meantime valuable months have elapsed with sales restricted by the nervousness of buyers, and although we are beginning to see signs of reapproaching confidence, and hope to see an increased volume of business coming along soon, we cannot count on this with certainty; and I must point out to you that the reduction of our selling prices in December by an average of over 15 per cent. has cut a very big slice off our margin of profit.

#### THE IMPORT DUTIES

I think I may say at this stage that uncertainty as to the result of the coming General Election seems to have something to do with the general want of confidence, and, of course, the artificial silk duties are constantly in our minds. I do not profess to know what attitude any alternative Government may take towards them. I am not a party man myself, and hold no rigid views on the question of Free Trade versus Protection; I do not think that any sacred principle is involved, and I feel that fiscal questions ought not to be party matters at all. Also I can say that this company never asked to have the duties imposed, but once they were put on, in the modified form finally adopted, we, like others, naturally made the best of them, and the import duties undoubtedly resulted in a great expansion of the rayon industry in this country. (Hear, hear.) From 1926 to 1928 our own sales and production expanded by over 40 per cent., and the production of the country as a whole by at least 100 per cent. This refers to the production of rayon yarn only; there is no doubt that the corresponding increase in the use of it (which is largely for the export trade) represents a still greater increase in the number of people employed in weaving, knitting and otherwise manipulating the yarn, for it takes many more people to turn a given weight of rayon into fabric than it does to make it in the first place.

#### DANGERS OF REMOVAL

Now I feel bound to say, and I say it deliberately, that in my opinion the withdrawal of the measure of protection afforded by the present artificial silk duties to all branches of this greatly expanded industry would be a first-class calamity from the point of view of all those engaged in it to-day. We, with our unequalled resources, would certainly put up a stiff fight against foreign competition, but I sincerely believe that there are many who would go under. When I tell you that the average wages in the rayon industry in the three largest producing Continental countries are from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. below ours in England, it will be obvious to you that foreign competition is not just a bogey, but a matter to be seriously weighed by members of all parties alike.

The difference in the wage factor is now a serious matter. The lower the margin of profit the more serious does it become, and, unless there were compensations at home, we should be compelled to take into account such an advantage offered by manufacture on the Continent, which, under certain circumstances, might be enough to deflect abroad our main stream of development. Certainly I should hesitate a very long time before agreeing to further extensions in this country if I heard that the import duties on artificial silk were to be abolished.

#### CONDITIONS ON THE CONTINENT

Now to return to our own business, we find that conditions on the Continent of Europe are as disordered as they are here, with some rayon makers selling at or under cost price, and very few working with any profit worth speaking of. The change did not come about so quickly as in England, as signs of weakness made themselves manifest in certain quarters very much earlier than they did here. Under these circumstances production has not been pressed to its fullest extent either at Calais or at Cologne. In some degree both places are marking time and waiting for the renewal of confidence which we hope will not be delayed much longer, for here also we see signs of returning stability.

#### POSITION IN U.S.A.

Now I have left to the last territory of which I can give you the most favourable account—that is, the United States of America. Prices there were maintained at the 1927 level throughout the whole of the last year, and there was some increase in the weight sold. It might have been more but for the influence of the weakness in Europe, which always makes itself felt across the Atlantic after an interval. Since our report was printed I have learned that certain American producers have lowered their prices and that the Viscose Company has followed suit.

This is only what we expected, and it was no doubt foreseen by the trade in general. At any rate, the news of the reductions, which are less drastic than in Europe, does not seem to have been

accompanied by any great market upset, and there seems good reason to hope that the transition to a lower and stable price level will take place without any serious falling off in the volume of business, which should soon begin to expand again at a reasonable rate. This is the best we can look for, for the possibilities do not allow of any sensational improvement.

#### CURRENT YEAR'S PROSPECTS

Now I hope that you will not complain because my account of the state of the industry may be rather confused, for that it exactly what the conditions themselves are. Briefly, in America the outlook seems to be settled, but not especially brilliant, while conditions in Europe are still very difficult; while we hope these will improve, any rapid movement is far from certain. And I must remind you once again that our margins of profit are reduced everywhere; the very best we could hope for during the current year would be for expanding output and sales to compensate for this reduction in the margins, but the recent state of uncertainty in England and the rest of Europe has had a depressing effect upon markets, from which they can hardly recover in a moment.

#### CONTINUED TECHNICAL PROGRESS

If we now turn our eyes for a moment away from the commercial side of our business, with its rather stormy outlook, and consider the technical aspects, we shall find much more cause for satisfaction. Our technical progress during the year has been continuous and widespread, and we have no fear of losing the leading place in the industry which we have held in the past. The yarns which we make are always increasing in variety and improving in quality, and this is reflected in our own weaving department, which is continually expanding its range of the highest-class fabrics, while more and more replacing real silk by rayon. Many experts now consider the best rayon fabrics to be superior in most respects to anything made of the natural fibre, and, indeed, the extent to which fine rayon yarns have displaced real silk during the last two years is remarkable.

Besides the fine varieties of ordinary viscose which have had an increasing success during the past year, we have made progress with the new strong yarn manufactured under the Lilienfeld patents, to which we have given the name "Durafil." This yarn has made a favourable start; we are already supplying it commercially in small quantities, and it is meeting with a good reception. The plant is being increased, but progress at this stage is necessarily slow, and growth cannot be great during the current year.

Our acetate yarn is also making its way, and is reputed to be second to none in quality, and we shall increase our output of this class of rayon as required. Though there are undoubtedly uses for it, these lie, on account of its high cost, mainly in the field of specialities, and there is every prospect of viscose continuing to be the staple article of the future. At any rate, it is fairly safe to say that nothing has yet been discovered in relation to the acetate—or any other—process to shake this belief.

#### ECONOMICAL MANUFACTURE

While improving our products in quality and variety, we have by no means lost sight of the important question of costs. Apart from the unavoidable differences in wages, I believe we are manufacturing in England to-day as cheaply as anyone in the world, and we are continually improving and simplifying our methods with a view to economy, though, as I have had occasion to point out before, nothing very drastic in this direction can be looked for, as the field of possible economies still remaining is small. I must ask you not to be unduly alarmed by claims which we hear made occasionally relating to much cheaper processes, extraordinary economies in labour, etc.; you can rely on it that we know as much about that side of manufacture as anybody, and we shall not spend many sleepless nights on account of such tales; in fact, we believe our competitive strength to be greater than ever. (Hear, hear.)

#### THE BALANCE SHEET

If you will now look at the balance sheet, I will explain a few of the figures.

The first figure I have to draw your attention to is "Creditors, etc.," £3,865,262. Under this head you will notice that reserves are provided for taxation and contingencies, and in connexion with this I may mention that it has been considered desirable that any reserves which may be no longer required for taxation should be retained as reserves for contingencies.

The next figure, "Capital reserve account," £514,337, requires a little explanation. During the year our Canadian undertaking was transferred to a Canadian company at a capitalization in excess of the value appearing in our books. The surplus arising has been credited to capital reserve, while the corresponding shares are included at par in the item "Investments in and advances to Rayon (artificial silk) and allied companies" on the other side of the balance sheet.

Turning now to the other side, you will see that property, plant, etc., are up by about £900,000. This is accounted for by the completion of the machinery at Wolverhampton and expenditure on our acetate works.

The next important increase is in the "investments in and advances to other rayon (artificial silk) companies." Part of it represents the shares in the Canadian company already mentioned, and the remainder advances in connexion with the completion of the works at Calais and Cologne.

Cash at bankers is less than last year; the money has partly been used for the financing of the above-mentioned Continental companies and partly invested.

In conclusion I would like to express my thanks once again to all our administrative and working staffs—men and women—and to put it on record that in my opinion 1928, in respect of technical progress and the quality of the products manufactured, marks an advance on any previous year within my own memory. (Applause.)

Mr. S. Stanley Bourne (deputy-chairman) seconded the resolution.

The Chairman: Before putting the resolution to the meeting I shall be pleased to answer any questions to the best of my ability.

#### SHAREHOLDERS' QUESTIONS

Mr. Williams: There are one or two questions which I should like to ask. The first question is why there is no specific sum allocated in the balance sheet for the depreciation of buildings, plants, stocks-in-trade and investments? The second question is, what sum has been allocated for the depreciation of these items? And the third question is why there is no profit and loss account accompanying the balance sheet? The fourth question is how much of the £3,865,262 which forms the item "Creditors, six months' Preference dividend accrued and reserves" on the liabilities side of the balance sheet is due to creditors only? And the last question is how much of the total sum of £9,888,263 on the assets side of the balance sheet as "British Government securities and other investments" is invested in British Government securities?

The Chairman: Are there any other questions?

Mr. Morrison: In addition to the questions which have already been put, may I ask whether there is any reason other than that it may not be good for shareholders to know how wealthy they are, why the revenue from investments and the trading revenue should not be shown separately? The directors' report and the Chairman's speech are, as usual, informative rather in appearance than in actual fact—a condition to which shareholders of this company are well accustomed. But, Mr. Chairman, I think the Board might perhaps pay some attention to the change in feeling which is taking place among investors generally. Industrial companies to-day have become such great organizations that their affairs are of interest to circles far outside their immediate shareholders. Organizations such as Courtaulds have an effect on the social and economic lives of the countries in which they operate such as to cause an increasing desire for knowledge of their operations, scope and prospects among a very large circle of people. I consider this is a very justifiable desire, and I suggest, Mr. Chairman, that it would be a wise thing for the Board to recognize this interest which is being taken.

#### THE TECHNICAL SIDE

I should like to say something on the technical side, and I speak here quite as a layman seeking information. We have seen during the past year or so certain references to the linking up of the trade or industry in an international sense. It would be very interesting, I am sure, to everybody to learn how far that linking up has gone, and what its future possibilities are. You referred, Mr. Chairman, to the dislocation which, in your opinion, was unnecessary. Is there any possibility that by a further linking up of these international interests among big producers the disturbance of the industry by "bulls in the china shop" can be eliminated or reduced by a further closer working between the big producers.

On the question of quality, you, sir, have referred to the very low quality produced by so many of your competitors. During the last few months there has been some mention of standards of quality, and I should like to know whether it is possible for a company such as Courtaulds, in conjunction with its associate, to lay down international standards for qualities. If such standards could be laid down and accepted by the trade generally it would either compel these new producers to manufacture up to the standard or to go out of the business altogether.

There is one other point, Mr. Chairman, to which I would like to refer. That is, when you speak of the increased consumption which has taken place, and which we all anticipate will go on, whether you as a Board would look at the abnormal difference in value of the article as it is produced and sold by the manufacturer, and that same article as it is purchased by the consumer. I feel that if anything can be done by which that abnormal margin can be reduced—that is, distributing profits—that the result would be a fall in the price of the article which would create an extension of demand that would amaze even the board of Courtaulds.

#### CHAIRMAN'S REPLY

The Chairman, in reply, said:—The questions put by the first shareholder were very largely connected with the form of the

accounts. For instance, he asked why we did not show a separate profit and loss account. The account is shown in the form in which it has appeared for the last 15 years or more. We are not the only people who issue a combined account like this, and I do not think that the question has been put to us before. The amount of the profit is certified by the auditors, but that has always been taken to be satisfactory. (Hear, hear.)

Then he asked why no specific sum was allocated to depreciation. The two figures at the top of the right-hand side of the account have already had depreciation deducted, and in the report we mention the charging of depreciation of buildings, stocks-in-trade and investments. That is the form in which we have always done it. That is the plan which we have always pursued, so that the values appearing are already written down before we announce the profit. We think that that is a more straightforward way of doing it than by announcing a profit and then saying that it is subject to depreciation. We do not consider it a profit until depreciation has been deducted. (Hear, hear.)

The item of creditors, etc., and reserves in respect of taxation and contingencies is a sum which we have always found to be convenient to keep together in one figure like this, and I do not think that there is any sufficient reason for altering our methods. With regard to the amount of British Government stocks included in the investment item, over 90 per cent.—nearly 100 per cent., in fact—is in British Government securities. (Cheers.)

The first question asked by the second shareholder was also about the accounts—why the revenue from investments and the trading income are not shown separately. That is the kind of thing which we do not want to tell everybody too exactly. There are many people who would like to know exactly what we make from every branch of our operations; it would be extremely useful information to them, and it would not serve any practical purpose to set it out here: so we like to leave them guessing. (Laughter and cheers.)

The same shareholder raised one or two quite interesting points with regard to further co-operation between different producers. That is a thing which we are always studying, and I think that gradually, perhaps, the big producers are getting closer together, but it is an extremely difficult and intricate question. All that I can tell you is that it is a matter of which we do not lose sight; in fact, it is one of our main preoccupations. Curiously enough, the question of standardization is also one of which we have thought a great deal during the last twelve months or so. As a matter of fact, there has been an International Bureau started, to which most of the big producers in Europe are parties, to work on this question and to see whether it is possible to arrive at any standards.

Then he touched on the question of the difference in value between what we get for the article and what the public pays for it. He is treading there on very delicate ground, and I think I would rather keep off it. The distributing trade are our very good friends, and I should be very sorry to say anything here in criticism of their methods. (Hear, hear.)

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved the re-election of Mr. F. J. Nettlesfold and Mr. J. S. Addison as directors.

This resolution was seconded by Mr. S. A. Courtauld and unanimously approved.

Mr. Stanley-Bourne (deputy-chairman) proposed the re-election of the other retiring director, Mr. Samuel Courtauld. In doing so he said that he was sure that the shareholders would have no hesitation in re-electing Mr. Courtauld. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Thomas P. Latham, Bt., seconded the motion, and it was unanimously adopted.

#### VOTE OF THANKS

Mr. I. B. Davidson. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it is again my privilege to move a resolution which I have been asked to propose on many previous occasions. I will read it. "That Messrs. W. Elles-Hill and Co. and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co. be and they are hereby re-elected joint auditors of the company for the year 1929." Having proposed that resolution, which will be seconded in due course, may I be permitted once again to voice our feelings of thanks to the chairman and the board for the wonderful progress the company has made in the past year, and for the splendid balance-sheet they have been able to place before us. A great many of us came to this meeting to-day almost prepared for anything (laughter), but despite this, through the mists of pessimism and doubts for the future, my own opinion is that we shall witness for this great and wonderful business a continuation of the brilliant expansion of the past.

These ups and downs are not new, they have happened before, and probably will happen again. But after listening to our chairman to-day, as we have all done, with great interest and care, we do see behind his address the wonderful way in which these gentlemen have built up this business, prepared for the future, and for the fight which was bound to come, in view of the number of small artificial silk concerns which have been springing up on all sides. What will happen to these small concerns in the future time alone will show. Personally, I would rather be a shareholder in Courtaulds than in one of these smaller concerns. (Laughter.)



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#### THREE MAIN FACTORS

What have we, the shareholders, in Courtaulds to look forward to? In my opinion, there are three main factors—the product, the men, and the future of the industry. As to the product, that can be summed up in one word—"Courtaulds," and we will leave it at that. The "men"—the men are there, seated at the board table, and they have shown in the past, and will show in the future, what they can achieve, and, therefore, we can leave the business, and our own particular interests in the company, to be looked after by them, safely leaving the control in their capable hands. As to the future, when you consider (I think I am right in what I am going to state, for I have endeavoured to find the exact position, and I do not wish to give you any inaccurate information)—when you consider that the proportion of rayon compared with cotton is about 3 per cent., it is obvious to everybody that rayon is pushing every year farther and farther into the uses for which cotton is now used, and that so long as our lady friends continue to purchase this beautiful article of adornment I think the future can speak for itself.

#### A GREAT BUSINESS

We know, as I have said before, that we have a great business. Look at the balance-sheet and study it and you will find there is only one word to describe the business—it is stupendous, and certainly it ranks as one of the finest in the whole of the British Empire. I will not further labour these points, but will content myself by asking you to accord your sincere thanks and admiration for the successful labours of the chairman and the board. I hope all of you will go away from this meeting more than satisfied with all that they have done and with every hope that this business will continue to prosper as in the past. I personally believe this will be the case.

I am only a small shareholder and I have held my shares for 16 years. I, along with my friends, have always regarded our holdings as an investment, for I do not look on Courtaulds shares as speculative or gambling, but I regard the company as a sound commercial undertaking controlled and guided by a very sound body of business men. I have the greatest pleasure in proposing that a hearty vote of thanks be given to the chairman and the board. (Cheers.)

The motion for the re-election of the auditors, having been seconded by Mr. F. G. Benton, was carried, and the vote of thanks to the chairman and the directors was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman: I thank Mr. Davidson for his appreciative remarks, and you, the shareholders, for the kind vote you have passed, and for your attendance here to-day.

The proceedings then terminated.

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